THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

APRIL 19, 1902 — FIVE CENTS THE COPY

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine Founded A. D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

CONJUROR'S HOUSE

A ROMANCE OF THE FREE FOREST

By

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

A Stride Towards American Sea Power

IF you would behold the American spirit in its purest, strongest and most buoyant phase—catch it on the wing, so to speak, learn the rate at which things under its inspiring influence can be made to happen, and see how truly robust and promising an infant is a shipbuilding plant, reared under its guidance, at the tender age of twenty-two months—go to Fore River.

At Fore River two things have been going on; the building of ships and the installing of a plant to build them. Logically, the plant should come first, of course, but as a matter of fact the two enterprises have been carried on so side by side and intermingled that the ships, during the confusion, have managed somehow to come out ahead. This is most distinctly an American way of doing things—to start at nothing, to keep moving at all hazard, and decide upon conveniences and methods afterward.

No even-minded European could ever proceed in such a manner; yet the scheme is a good one, economical and not without foresight.

This distinctly American spur-of-the-moment way of getting a great plant together is one of the principal reasons for our being so many years ahead of the rest of the mechanical world.

The other reason is to be found more graphically demonstrated by going into the shops themselves. It is that extraordinary willingness on our part to install new methods. The shops at Fore River, therefore, are as different in appearance from those installed ten years ago as door-knobs are from gooseberries. The principal contrast lies in the fact that the machines instead of being driven all from the same shaft by whirling pulleys and slatting, screeching belts, are each provided with a separate electric motor. Each lathe, each punch—even the grindstones—are run in perfect independence of the rest of the shop. Electricity is such extremely clean, noiseless stuff that it is hard to imagine one is in a machine shop at all. But though the advantages of it, in matters of light, cleanliness and quiet, are immediately apparent to the senses, for an appreciation of the financial advantage we must get out our slates. It often occurs in a shipbuilding works that one machine, either to save time or in order not to interrupt the boring of a cylinder, for instance, which, once begun, cannot be stopped, must be kept running all night long while the rest of the shop is idle. Now, horse-powers cost at the very least two cents an hour; and the main shafts and idle belts and pulleys of a large shop, without accomplishing anything, require about a hundred and fifty horse-power to keep them going. This at the end of a ten-hour day means $30, and at the end of the year $9000, gone to waste in simply making a noise. To be able to run one machine at a time and to generate just what power is needed for it is obviously then a great advantage.

There are other ideas just as new and well adapted for time-saving; the idea of making the ship crane run up and down the dock, for example, instead of having to move the ships about under it; and the scheme of an auxiliary floating machine shop to enable the workmen to have power-tools close at hand, no matter where the vessel is on which they are at work.

We should be proud of the Lawrence and her twin sister, Macdonough, for they were built not from Government designs, but from improvements on them made at Fore River. Every last detail of them was contrived especially for them without regard for standards, with the result that they have themselves become standards for speed and lightness at Washington.

However, it was not for this that I got you down to Fore River in the first place, nor to see the beginning of the two largest, fastest, most-powerful battleships in the navy; nor the only seven-masted schooner in the world; nor yet on account of the big hammer; nor because in no other shipyard is there room and facility to build an even half-dozen 700-foot steamers side by side and have cranes and machinery enough to keep them all going. It is something broader and more magnificent than that and won't go down in figures.

The whole concern is so typical of the great movements on foot nowadays, so essentially twentieth century, so new; and I say, again, if you would see what we Americans, on the move, are really like, go to Fore River.—BENJ. BROOKS, in *Boston Transcript*.

Work in Progress in Fore River Yard, April 1, 1902

BATTLESHIP—NEW JERSEY, 15,000 tons.
BATTLESHIP—RHODE ISLAND, 15,000 tons.
CRUISER—DES MOINES. To be launched May, 1902.
TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER—LAWRENCE.
TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER—MACDONOUGH.
SEVEN-MASTED STEEL SCHOONER (11,000 tons displacement). The largest sailing vessel in the world. To be launched May, 1902.
FORGINGS for steamships now being built in other yards.
STEEL BRIDGE, 800 feet long, over Weymouth Fore River.
SEVENTY-FIVE SETS FORGINGS for rapid fire guns.
MISCELLANEOUS STRUCTURAL WORK.

The above, with other work in hand, will bring the total amount of contracts up to $8,907,000.
In addition to the above contracts in hand, the Company has tenders under consideration for additional work aggregating several million dollars.

The Fore River Ship and Engine Company

OF QUINCY, MASS.

who are carrying on this mammoth business, offer for public subscription **10,000 Shares of Preferred Stock** on the following terms: Preferred stock at $100 per share, and of the 10,000 shares of common stock now in treasury one share will be given as a **bonus** with every two shares of preferred.

In case of subscription for one share only of preferred stock, at $100 per share, a share of common stock will be reserved for 90 days and issued as a bonus if a second share of preferred stock is subscribed for within that time.

The right is reserved to withdraw or reduce the bonus of common stock without notice.

Fore River Ship and Engine Co. is capitalized at $4,000,000.

Preferred Stock, 20,000 Shares; Common Stock, 20,000 Shares

Of the above $4,000,000 total stock authorized, there is now in the treasury of the Company $1,000,000 preferred and $1,000,000 common.

There is at present outstanding $1,000,000 of preferred stock and $1,000,000 of common stock issued against a plant which has cost $1,500,000.

There is No Bonded Indebtedness

It is therefore clear that the buyer of this preferred stock is not only investing his money at "bed rock," but even below it.

The provisions of the charter guarding the investor in this preferred stock are exceedingly strong, being drawn with great care by the highest legal talent. It has absolutely a first preference, not only on the earnings up to 7 per cent., but also upon the assets of the Company in case of distribution.

The earnings of the Company for five months to January 1, 1902, were $101,574.36 in accordance with the certificate of the Eastern Audit Company.

It should be remembered that these earnings were made *without* the advantage of having in the business the $1,000,000, which will result from the sale of the stock now offered.

The entire $2,000,000 preferred stock requires but $140,000 per annum for its 7 per cent. dividends. The Company earned, at the rate of over $100,000 in excess of the amount required to pay the dividend on the entire $2,000,000 preferred stock, this while construction of the works was under way.

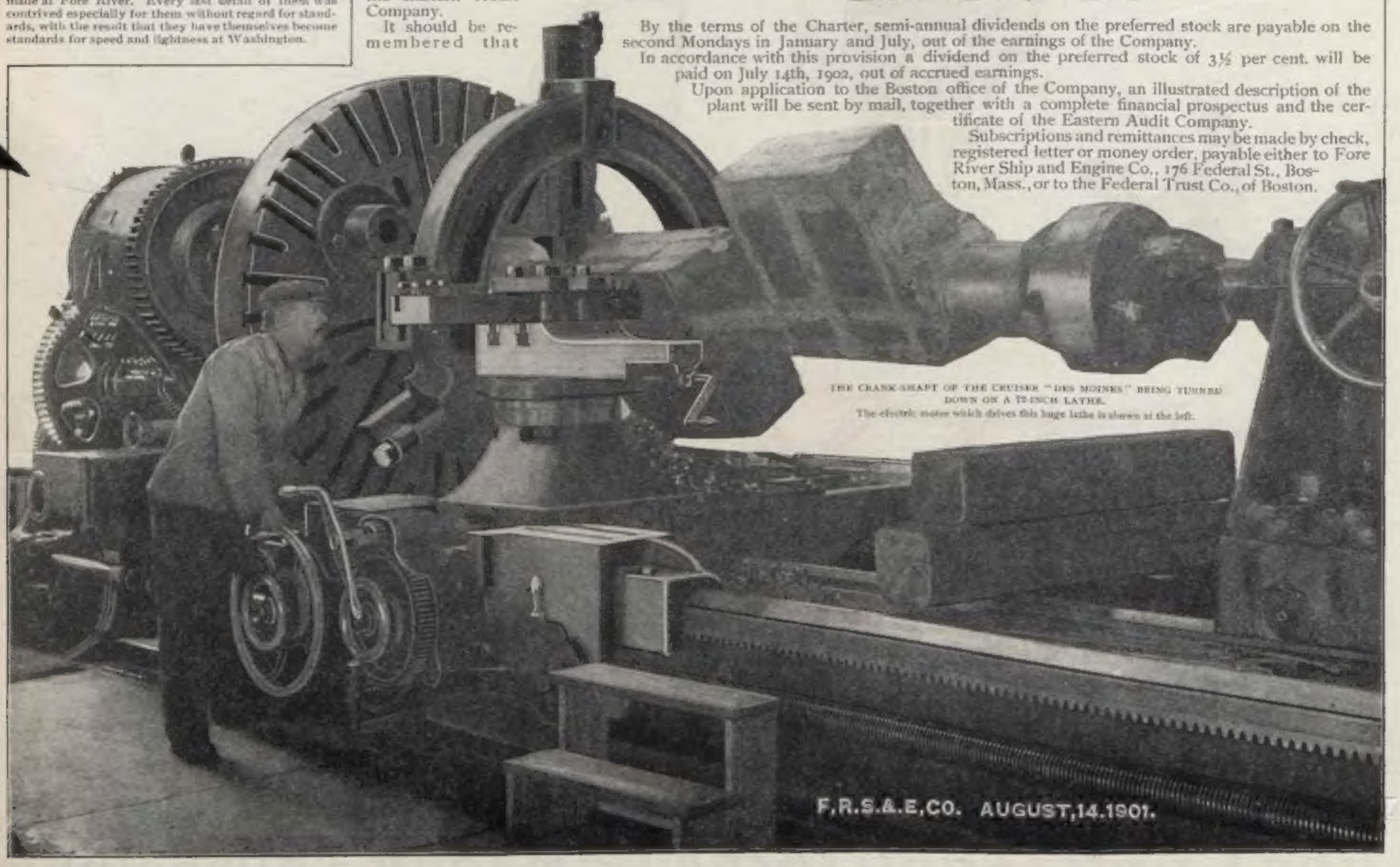
DIVIDENDS

By the terms of the Charter, semi-annual dividends on the preferred stock are payable on the second Mondays in January and July, out of the earnings of the Company.

In accordance with this provision a dividend on the preferred stock of 3½ per cent. will be paid on July 14th, 1902, out of accrued earnings.

Upon application to the Boston office of the Company, an illustrated description of the plant will be sent by mail, together with a complete financial prospectus and the certificate of the Eastern Audit Company.

Subscriptions and remittances may be made by check, registered letter or money order, payable either to Fore River Ship and Engine Co., 176 Federal St., Boston, Mass., or to the Federal Trust Co., of Boston.



THE CRANK-SHAFT OF THE CRUISER "DES MOINES" BEING TURNED DOWN ON A 72-INCH LATHE.
The electric motor which drives this huge lathe is shown at the left.

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CONJUROR'S HOUSE

A Romance of the Free Forest

By Stewart Edward White, Author of The Blazed Trail

CHAPTER I

MR. STEWART EDWARD WHITE

A GIRL stood on a bank above a river flowing north. At her back crouched a dozen clean, whitewashed buildings, each with its door-yard. Before her, league on league, day after day, into infinite remoteness stretched the stern Northern wilderness, untrodden save by the trappers, the Indians and the beasts. Close about the little settlement crept the balsams and spruce, the birch and poplar, behind which lurked vast dreary muskegs, a chaos of boulder-splits, a forest. The girl had known nothing different for many years. Once a season the sailing ship from England felt its frozen way through the Hudson Straits, down the Hudson Bay, to come to anchor in the mighty River of the Moose. Once a season a great canoe manned by a dozen paddles struggled down the waters of the broken Abitibi. Once a year a little band of red-sashed *voyageurs* drove their exhausted sledge dogs across the ice from some invisible wilderness trail. That was all.

Before her eyes the seasons changed, all of them grim, one of them sad. In the brief luxuriant summer came the Indians to trade their pelts, came the keepers of the winter posts to rest, came the ship from England bringing the things she had ordered a full year ago. Then in a short time they were all gone, into the wilderness or into the great unknown world. The snow fell; the river and the bay froze over. Strange men from the north came silently, bearing the meat and pelts of the seal. Bitter iron cold shackled the Northland, the abode of desolation. Then armies of caribou drifted by, ghostly under the aurora; moose, lordly and scornful, stalked majestically along the shore; wolves howled invisible, or trotted in organized doglike packs on the river-banks. All day and all night the ice thundered like bursts of artillery. All night and all day the fireplaces roared defiance to a frost they could not subdue, while the people of desolation crouched beneath the tyranny of winter.

Then the upheaval of spring with the ice-jams and terrors, the Moose roaring by untamable, the floods rising, rising foot by foot to the very door-yard of her father's house. Strange things were abroad at night, strange spirits. They howled and shrieked and cracked and groaned in voices of ice and flood. Her Indian nurse told her of them all—of Maunabosho, the evil; of Nenaubosho, the good—in her soft Ojibway dialect that itself sounded like the lisping and hissing voices of the forest.

Then the sudden subsidence of the waters; the splendid bursting forth of the sun; the eager blossoming of the land into new leaves, lush grasses, an abandon of sweetbrier and hepatica. The air blew soft, the wild goose cried in triumph, a thousand singing birds sprang from the soil. Overhead shone the hot Northern sun of summer.

From the wilderness came the *brigades* bearing their pelts, the hardy traders of the winter posts, mysterious and picturesque in the mystery and loneliness of their callings. Then for a brief season, like the flash of a loon's wing on the shadow of a lake, the Post was gay with laughter, bright with the thronging of many people. The Indians pitched their wigwams on the broad meadows below the bend; the half-breeds sauntered here and there, flashing bright teeth and wicked dark eyes at whom it might concern; the traders gazed stolidly over their little black pipes and said brief sentences through their thick black beards. Everywhere was gay sound—the fiddle, the laugh, the song; everywhere was gay color—the red sash of the *voyageurs*, the beaded moccasins and leggins of the *métis*, the capotes of the *brigade*, the variegated costumes of the Crees and Ojibways. Like the wild roses round the edge of the muskegs, this brief flowering of the year passed. Again the nights were long, again the frost crept down from the eternal snow, again the wolves howled across barren wastes.

Just now the girl stood ankle deep in green grasses, a bath of sunlight falling about her, a tingle of salt wind humming up the river from the bay's offing. She was clad in gray wool, and wore no hat. Her soft hair, the color of ripe wheat, blew about her temples to shadow her eyes, of an impenetrable black. The wind had brought to the light and delicate biscuit-brown of her complexion a trace of color to match her lips, whose scarlet did not fade after the ordinary and imperceptible manner into the tinge of her skin, but continued vivid to the very edge, like a stage cosmetic. Her eyes were wide and unseeing; one hand rested almost caressingly on the breech of a highly ornamented bronze field gun.

McDonald, the chief trader, passed from the house to the store; Galen Albret, her father and the head Factor of all this lordly region, paced back and forth across the veranda of the factory, caressing his white beard; up by the stockade young Achille Picard tuned his whistle to the note of the curlew; across the meadow from the church wandered Crane, the little Church of England missionary, peering from short-sighted, pale-blue eyes; beyond the coulee, Sarnier and his Indians *chock, chock, chocked* away at the seams of the long coast-trading bateau. The girl saw nothing, heard nothing. She was dreaming, she was trying to remember.

In the lines of her slight figure, in its pose there by the old gun over the old, old river, was the grace of gentility, the pride of caste. Of all this region her father was the absolute lord, feared, loved, obeyed by all its human creatures. When he went abroad he traveled in a state almost mediæval in its magnificence; when he stayed at home men came to him from all the seven rivers of the North to receive his commands. Way was made for him, his lightest word was attended. In his house dwelt ceremony, and of his house she was the princess. Unconsciously she had taken the gracious habit of command. She moved serene, pure, lofty amid dependents. She had come to value her smile, her word, to value herself, as the lady of a realm greater than the countries of Europe.

MRS. COCKBURN, THE DOCTOR'S WIFE, . . . CAME AND STOOD BY VIRGINIA ALBRET'S SIDE

As the lady of this realm she did honor to her father's guests—sitting stately behind the beautiful silver service below the portrait of Sir George Simpson, dispensing crude fare in gracious manner, listening politely to the conversation, finally withdrawing at the last with a sweeping courtesy to play soft, melancholy and forgotten airs on the old piano brought over years before by the Lady Head, while the guests made merry with the mellow port and ripe Manila cigars which the Company supplied its servants. Then coffee, with quite the air of the *grande dame*. Such guests were not many, nor came often. There were McTavish, of Rupert's House; Rand, of Fort Albany; Mault, of Fort George. These were grizzled in the Company's service. Accompanying them came their clerks, mostly English and Scotch younger sons, with a vast reverence for the Company, and a vaster for their Factor's daughter. Once in two or three years appeared the Inspectors from Winnipeg, true lords of the North, with their six-fathom canoes, their luxurious furs, their red banners trailing like gonfalons in the water. There were feasts and dances and gay excursions, weighty matters of discussion, grave and reverend advices, cautions and commands. They went. Desolation again crept in.

But the girl dreamed, and tried to remember. Far-off, half-forgotten visions of brave, courtly men, of gracious, beautiful women, peopled the clouds of her imaginings. She heard them again faintly, as voices beneath the roar of rapids, like little bells tinkling through a wind, pitying her, exclaiming over her; she saw them dim and changing, as wraiths of a fog, as shadow pictures in a mist beneath the moon, leaning toward her with bright, shining eyes full of compassion for the little girl who was to go so far away into an unknown land; she felt them, as the touch of a breeze when the night is still, as the caressing of rose petals in the dark, fondling her, clasping her, tossing her aloft in farewell. One she saw plainly—a dewy-eyed lovely woman who murmured loving, broken things. One she felt plainly—a gallant youth who held her up for all to see. One she heard plainly—a gentle voice that said: "God's love be with you, little

THE INDIANS PITCHED THEIR WIGWAMS

one, for you have far to go, and many days to pass before you see Quebec again." And the girl's eyes suddenly became bright, for the Northland was very dreary. She stretched her hands out in sudden passion.

Then her arms dropped, her eyes flashed, her head took on the attitude of listening.

"Achille!" she called.

"Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Listen!" she said.

Faint, in intermittent silences, came the singing of men's voices from the south.

"*Grace à Dieu!*" cried Achille. "Eet is so. Eet is dat brigade!"

CHAPTER II

MEN, women, dogs, children sprang into sight from nowhere and ran pell-mell to the two cannon. Galen Albret emerged from the factory and began to issue orders. Two men set about hoisting on the tall flagstaff the blood-red banner of the Company. Discussions, heated and earnest, arose among the men as to which of the branches of the Moose this brigade had hunted—the Abitibi, the Mattágami or the Missináibie. The half-breed women shaded their eyes. Mrs. Cockburn, the doctor's wife, and the only other white woman in the settlement, came and stood by Virginia Albret's side. At once, silently, Wishkobun drew near, her dark pathetic eyes of the dog fixed with jealousy on the older woman.

"Quite a stir of excitement over the arrival of a few dirty trappers," sniffed Mrs. McDonald, the trader's quarter-breed wife.

"Yes," replied Virginia, moving a little impatiently, for she anticipated eagerly the picturesque coming of these men of the silent places.

"Mi-di-mo-yay ka'-win-ni-shi-shin," said Wishkobun quietly.

"Ah," replied Virginia with a little laugh, patting the woman's brown hand.

Mrs. McDonald sniffed again. "How can you waste your time on these barbarous Southern dialects?" said she.

Suddenly a shout arose from those near at hand. Around the bend shot a canoe. At once every paddle in it was raised to a perpendicular salute, then dashed into the water with all the strength of the *voyageur* who was wielding it. The canoe fairly leaped through a cloud of spray. Another rounded the bend, another double row of paddles flashed in the sunlight, another crew broke into wild shrieks of excitement and delight as they raced the last quarter-mile of their long journey. A third burst into view; a fourth; a fifth. The silent river was suddenly alive with emotion, glittering with color. The canoes swept onward at full speed, like race-horses straining against the rider. Now the spectators could make out plainly the boatmen. It could be seen that they had decked themselves out for the occasion. Their heads were bound with bright-colored fillets, their necks with gay scarfs. Paddles were adorned with gaudy woolen streamers. New leggins, new moccasins of holiday pattern, were intermittently visible on the bowsmen and steersmen as they half rose to give added force to their efforts.

At first the men sang their canoe songs, but as the swift rush of the birch-barks brought them nearer their journey's end they burst into loud shouts and whoops. Their eyes flashed, their pectoral muscles swelled beneath their loose shirts.

All at once they were close at hand. The steersman rose to throw his entire weight on the paddle. The canoe swung abruptly for the shore. Those in it did not relax their exertions, but continued their shouts and vigorous strokes until within a few yards of apparent destruction.

"Holà! holà!" they cried, thrusting their paddles straight down into the water with a strong backward twist. The stout wood bent and cracked. The canoe stopped short within a dozen feet. The *voyageurs* leaped ashore to confuse themselves in the crowd that swarmed down upon them.

The races were about equally divided, and each acted after its instincts—the Indian greeting his people quietly, and stalking away to the privacy of his wigwam; the more volatile white catching his wife or his sweetheart or his child to his arms with a shout of delight. A swarm of Indian women and half-grown children set about unloading the canoes.

Virginia's eyes ran over the crews of the various craft. She recognized them all, of course, even to the last Indian packer, for in so small a community the affairs of one are the property of all. Long since she had identified the brigade. It was of the Missináibie, the great river whose headwaters rise a scant hundred feet from those that flow south into Superior. It drained a wild and rugged country of forests and boulder hills, where for many years the big gray wolves had gathered in unusual abundance. She knew by heart the winter Posts, although she had never seen them. She could imagine the desolation of such a place, and the intense loneliness of the solitary man condemned to live in it through the dark Northern winters, seeing none but the rare Indians who might come in to trade their pelts. She could appreciate their wild joy now at returning, even for a brief season, to the company of their kind.

Then her glance fell upon the last of the canoes, and rested with a start of surprise. It contained a stranger. The canoe was that of the Post at Conjuror's House.

She saw the stranger to be a young man with a clear-cut handsome face, a trim athletic figure dressed in the complete costume of the *voyageur*, and thin, brown and muscular hands. When first the canoe touched the bank he had taken no part in the scramble to shore, and so now he sat forgotten and unnoticed save by the girl. For the moment he imagined himself free from observation. His hands hung listless between his buckskin knees, his eyes glanced here and there restlessly, and an indefinable shadow of something which Virginia felt herself stupid in labeling desperation, and yet for which it would have been impossible to find a better name, descended on his features, darkening them. Twice he glanced away to the south. Twice he ran his eye over the vociferating crowd on the narrow beach. Absorbed in the silent drama of a man's unguarded expression, Virginia leaned forward eagerly. Once before she had experienced the same emotion, had received the same impression of some one, something acting as this man acted now. But she could not place it. Over and over again she forced her mind to the very point of recollection, but always it slipped back at the crucial instant. Then a little movement—some thrust forward of the head, some nervous, rapid shifting of the hands or feet, some unconscious pose of the shoulders—brought the scene flashing before her—the white snow, the still forest, the little square pen-trap, the wolverine, desperate but cool, thrusting its blunt nose quickly here and there in baffled hope of an orifice of escape. Somehow the man reminded her of the animal, the fierce little woods' marauder, trapped and hopeless, but scorning to cower like the gentler creatures of the forest.

Suddenly his expression changed. His figure stiffened, the muscles of his face turned iron, his eye became aloof and mocking-cool. Virginia knew that some one on the beach had looked toward him. His mask was on.

The first burst of greeting was over. Here and there one or another of the brigade members jerked his head in the stranger's direction, explaining low-voiced to his companions. Eyes turned curiously toward the canoe. A hum of low-voiced comment took the place of louder delight.

The stranger rose slowly to his feet and picked his way with a certain deliberate precision of movement over the duffle lying in the bottom of the canoe until he reached the bow. There he paused, one foot lifted to the gunwale just above the emblem of the painted star. Immediately a dead silence fell. The group shifted, and drew apart, and together again, like the slow agglomeration of sawdust on the surface of water, until at last it rested in a staring semi-circle whose centre was the bow of the canoe and the stranger from Conjuror's House. The men scowled; the women pressed close to their protectors.

Virginia Albret gasped in the oppression of this sudden electric polarity. The man was absolutely alone against a sullen, unexplained hostility. His contemptuous glance did not, on that account, falter in the least. The restless desperation she had thought to see but a moment before had gone utterly, leaving in its place a vast scorn and perhaps more than a trace of recklessness. The man was ripe for rash deeds, rash words, or silence; all would depend on what the next few moments should bring forth. She knew this from the depth of her woman's instinct, and unconsciously her sympathies flowed out strongly to this man, alone without a greeting where all others came to their own; although she did not in the least understand.

For perhaps sixty seconds the man stood there debating in his mind what he should do against the irritation of this sullen enmity, or perhaps waiting for some sign to tip the balance of his decision. One after another those on shore felt the deadly insolence of his stare, and shrank back. Then the man's slow scrutiny rose to the group by the cannon. Virginia grasped Mrs. Cockburn's arm. In spite of herself she could not look away. The stranger's eyes crossed her own. She saw the hard, desperate scorn fade away into surprise. Instantly his hat swept the gunwale of the canoe. He stepped magnificently ashore through the unheeded bystanders. The drama was over. Not a word had been spoken.

CHAPTER III

GALEN ALBRET sat in his rough-hewed armchair at the head of the table, receiving the reports of his captains. The long, narrow room opened before him, heavy-raftered, massive, white, with a cavernous fireplace at either end. Above him frowned Sir George's portrait. At his right hand and his left stretched the row of home-made heavy chairs, finished smooth and dull by two centuries of use.

His arms were laid along the arms of his seat; his shaggy head was sunk down and forward until his beard swept the curve of his big square chest; the heavy tufts of hair above his eyes were drawn steadily together in a frown of attention. One after another the men arose and spoke. He made no movement, gave no sign, his short, powerful form blotted against the lighter silhouette of his chair, only his eyes and the white of his beard gleaming out of the dusk.

Kern, of Old Brunswick House; Achard, of New; Ki-wa-nee, the Indian of Flying Post—all these told briefly of many things, each in his own language. To all Galen Albret listened in silence. Finally Louis Placide, from the Post at Conjuror's House, got to his feet. He, too, reported of the trade—so many "beaver" of tobacco, of powder, of lead, of pork, of flour, of tea, given in exchange; so many mink, otter, beaver, ermine, marten and fisher pelts taken in return. Then he paused and went on at greater length in regard to the stranger, speaking evenly but with emphasis. When he had finished Galen Albret struck a bell at his elbow. A moment's pause of expectation ensued. Then entered Me-en-gan, the bowsman of the Factor's canoe, followed closely by the young man who had that afternoon arrived.

He was dressed still in his costume of the *voyageur*—the loose blouse shirt, the buckskin leggins and moccasins, the long-tasseled red sash. His head was as high and his glance as free, but now the steel blue of his eye had become steady and wary, and two faint lines had traced themselves between his brows. At his entrance a hush of expectation fell on those present. Galen Albret did not move, but the others hitched nearer the long, narrow table, and two or three leaned both elbows on it the better to catch what should ensue.

Me-en-gan stopped by the door, but the stranger walked steadily the length of the room until he faced the Factor. There he paused and waited for the other to speak.

This the Factor did not at once begin to do, but sat impassive—apparently without thought, in the stupid rumination of the beast—while the heavy breathing of the men in the room marked off the seconds of time. Finally, abruptly the man's cavernous voice boomed forth. Something there was strangely mysterious, cryptic, in the virile tones issuing from a man so sluggish and inert. Galen Albret did not move, did not even raise the heavy-lidded, dull stare of his eyes to the young man who stood before him; hardly did his broad chest seem to rise and fall with the respiration of speech; and yet each separate word leaped forth alive, quivering with intense authority.

"Once at Leftfoot Lake two Indians caught you asleep," said he deliberately. "They took your pelts and arms, and escorted you to Sudbury. They were my Indians. Once on the Upper Abitibi you were stopped by a man named Herbert, who warned you from the country after relieving you of your entire outfit. He told you at parting what you might expect if you should renew the attempt—severe measures—the severest. Herbert was my man. Now Louis Placide surprises you in a rapids near Conjuror's House, and brings you here."

GALEN ALBRET

During the slow delivery of these accurately spaced words the attitude of the men about the long, narrow table gradually changed. Their first respectful but half-careless attention straightened into intense interest. These were facts of which Louis Placide's statement gave no inkling. Here before them for the dealing was a problem of the sort whose solution had earned for Galen Albret a reputation in the North country. They glanced at each other to obtain the sympathy of attention, then back toward their chief in anxious expectation of his next words. The stranger, however, remained unmoved. A faint, mocking smile sketched the outline of his lips when first the Factor began to speak. This smile he maintained to the end. As the older man paused he shrugged his shoulders.

"All of that is quite true," said he.

Even the unimaginative men of the silent places started at those unimportant words and vouchsafed to their speaker a more sympathetic attention. For the tones in which they were delivered possessed that rich throat timbre which so often accompanies an electric personal magnetism—deep, from the chest, with vibrant throat modulations suggesting a volume of hearty sound which may in fact be only hinted by the pitch of loudness the man sees fit at the moment to employ. Such a voice is a responsive instrument on which emotion and mood play wonderfully seductive strains.

"This," went on Galen Albret weightily, "is my domain. In it I tolerate no rivalry. I have made the trade, and I intend to keep it. You must give me your word to stay away when we send you out this time."

The young man smiled sardonically.

"Undoubtedly you'll see to that; but I'll not promise."

(Continued on Page 19)

MEN AND MEASURES

THE WEEK AT WASHINGTON

By Charles Emory Smith, Former Postmaster-General

MEN more than measures and the political game more than the legislative work are just now the dominant notes at Washington. The tone of the atmosphere in this seething capital sometimes changes very swiftly. There are times when all interest and all talk focus in one overshadowing issue. A few weeks ago the Capitol, the White House and the dinner-table were all intent on the question of Cuban reciprocity with its clashing forces. That is practically settled, and its scenic effects are shifted to make way for others.

The politics of the session is not virulent. Party feeling does not run high. Except in the Tillman-McLaurin collision there has been no sharp or violent clash. In the Philippine discussion there were some keen and trenchant passages; but that was partly play for position and partly the eagerness and joy of debate. There is no prolonged, acrid and vehement contention such as generally marks times of high party spirit. The prevailing note is one of good temper. The feeling at Washington reflects the feeling throughout the country, which is one of good humor and good will. We have had for some time another era of good feeling like that which existed in the Administration of Monroe; and it has not yet passed away.

Nevertheless, without any acerbity, the Democratic leaders are trying to find a hopeful plan of campaign. There is more politics on the Democratic side just now than on the Republican. The Republicans are in and are responsible, and their campaign is made by their actual administration and legislation. They have to conduct the government with all its problems, and they will stand or fall by their success or failure. The Democrats, on the other hand, while naturally opposing the party in power, have full freedom of choice within their judgment of wise party policy and available issues. Their managers think they can make a serious fight in the Congressional elections of this year, with fair hope of carrying a majority of the House of Representatives, and they are laying their plans. All this is preparatory to the main Presidential battle of 1904.

The Opposition and What it Should Accomplish

A shifting of the Democratic leadership at this juncture has both interest and importance. Senator Jones, of Arkansas, is defeated for reëlection just as Senator Gorman, of Maryland, after being in retirement for some years, is again elected, and the one will step out of the Senate next March as the other steps in. The change signifies the transfer of the Democratic sceptre in the Senate, and typifies the advance of Democratic impulse and purpose in the country. Senator Jones has served three terms in the Senate and three in the House—a long career; but only since 1896 has he been conspicuous and recognized as leader. His prominence is identified with Mr. Bryan's ascendency in the party, and his retirement follows and accentuates the palpable passing of his chief. He has rugged ability and force, and he is well liked in the Senate. He has not been factious or obstructive, and he has been a temperate manager. But his quality of mind puts him in sympathy with reactionary impulses and erratic tendencies, and he has not shown the breadth, the alertness or the flexibility for changing conditions or progressive policies. He has been neither a clear-sighted leader of his own side nor an incisive and effective critic of the other.

A keen watchfulness and a penetrating criticism would be eminently advantageous for the country and a wholesome check on the party in power. This is the chief function of the Opposition. When it appeals to the country to be entrusted with the reins of government it must show constructive ability and have a definite policy of its own. It must have an affirmative and not merely a negative position. But as an Opposition its business is to watch and arraign, not in narrow and querulous spirit, but with intelligence and reason. The more acute and searching it is the better, if its ground is well chosen. It should expose mistakes, pierce the open joints, and challenge wrong assumptions, ill-judged tendencies or false policies. But mere captious pin-pricking does no good either to the Opposition or to the Government. To take up, and exploit without any examination, the fantastic yarn of Captain Christmas about alleged corruption in the purchase of the Danish Islands is neither good sense nor good patriotism, and it only reacts upon the too credulous or too reckless movers. Criticism should be as responsible as action, and thus directed it would serve a most useful and salutary end.

Senator Gorman's Presidential Bee

Mr. Gorman's return to the Senate and to the Democratic leadership, which will be his by right of preëminence and general recognition, marks a distinct change in the Democratic trend. It also marks a distinct purpose to make a fight on different lines for national control. It may not materially change the attitude and methods of the Opposition toward the Government, but it will strengthen other influences which tend to reorganize its attitude toward itself. Mr. Gorman is not a great critic or a creative and aggressive leader; but he is ambitious, astute and adroit. He is a skillful politician rather than a masterful leader. He is the cleverest manager in his party—not so bold and ready to make a personal issue as David B. Hill, of New York, with whom alone he can be compared, but smoother and more dexterous.

Personally he is as popular on the Republican side of the Senate Chamber as on the Democratic side, for, besides his agreeable qualities, he respects the amenities of a legislative body and the reasonable rights of the majority as well as those of the minority. Not only his native sense but his business connections make him conservative. Without openly and courageously antagonizing it, he was unfriendly to the silver heresy, and the Free Traders of his party charge him with being in reality a Protectionist. He did in fact do no little to emasculate the Wilson bill, and on the subject of appropriations, on which, as the ranking minority member, he exercised large influence, he was rational and considerate, with an intelligent grasp of the requirements of the Government.

The renaissance of Mr. Gorman has significance with reference not merely to the Democratic leadership of the Senate, but to the Presidential nomination of his party. He is regarded in many quarters as its most eligible candidate. The Southern Democrats, who with the failure of two campaigns are disposed to drop Mr. Bryan, turn to Mr. Gorman as their favorite. Many Northern Democrats also turn with hope to his skillful trimming, his wary avoidance of the rocks, and to his general conservative and colorless acceptability. If New York can unitedly and earnestly present an unobjectionable candidate, if it can show the miracle of a Tammany and anti-Tammany coalescence in a national convention, its candidates will divide favor with Mr. Gorman; and just now the needle of the Democratic compass quivers between those two points.

There are Democratic elements that will vigorously stand against Mr. Gorman. Those who cherish free trade as a real conviction, who are hostile to all Government encouragement of public enterprise, who believe in the *laissez-faire* theory of government and of the political and social organism, will oppose him. The particular friends of Mr. Cleveland, who are men of positive ideas, and the out-and-out Gold Democrats, who did not hesitate to renounce their party association and resist the silver aberration, will not be satisfied with him. But he represents the average sentiment and spirit of his party, and in all calculations henceforth he is a force that must be reckoned with.

A Critical Time for White House Crockery

Meanwhile the Democrats in Congress are laboring to find an issue and make a plan of campaign for the preliminary battle of the Congressional elections this year. They think they discern some differences among Republicans and some difficulties in their way, and "hope springs eternal in the human breast." The struggle over Cuban reciprocity is substantially closed, but it has left seeds of discontent in some parts of the West which the Democrats fancy may ripen into a harvest of revolt to their gain. The Miles incident and the Miles issue with the Administration are not important in themselves, but the Democratic leaders think they see in the handling of these things the indications of a method which may precipitate difficulties of greater magnitude.

To these thoughts Mr. Watterson has given the boldest expression. With his free and frank tongue and pen, always exuberant in speech and never dull in journalism, he has plainly voiced the idea that the vigorous and resolute spirit which now rules the White House may break some crockery. It is interesting to observe that the same sort of expectation centred in the Emperor William when he first came to the throne. Indeed, a comparison of the two present heads of the two great nations has been on many lips, and when it comes to be analyzed it may be found that it is not uncomplimentary to either. It is certain that the Wattersons of Germany and the world who used to think there was a "bronco-buster" in the new Palace at Potsdam have come to recognize that he is a worthy heir of the old fiddler of Sans Souci, the great Frederick; that he knows thoroughly what he is about; that his early and restless activity was the prelude to a career of extraordinary versatility and power; and that he has been a forceful and successful ruler. And the comparison and parallel may run to the end.

The New Democratic Philippine Policy

But beyond men there must be thought of measures, and the Democratic leaders have decided, after much deliberation, to make a sharp and broad issue on the Philippine question, not merely by antagonizing the Republican policy, but by presenting a distinct and tangible measure of their own. What was pointed out in these articles as "one of the most important indications of the session" has since taken more definite shape. The substitute proposed by the minority of the Philippine committee for the temporary government bill of the majority has the approval of all the Democratic members of the committee, and is presumably brought forward with the full concurrence of the whole Democratic side. It thus becomes the Democratic platform, and it embodies the most clear-cut issue which has divided the two parties since the question of free silver coinage was sent to the rear.

This proposed measure which crystallizes the Democratic policy provides that the United States shall relinquish the sovereignty of the Philippine Islands, and withdraw its military forces just as soon as an independent Philippine government can be organized. No part of the islands shall remain under the American title except such points as may be designated for naval and coaling stations. As soon as peace shall be established the Filipinos shall elect a convention to frame a constitution and form a government, and when that government shall be inaugurated it shall assume all authority, and American control will cease. For the purpose of assuring and protecting Philippine independence, the President is

(*Concluded on Page 18*)

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in the series of biweekly articles by Former Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith.

THE LAST OF DU GALLIE

By Frank H. Spearman

Du Gallie

THE oyster itself is as peaceful and retiring a fish as haunts the seas. Never in my experience have I met with a viciously disposed oyster.

Not so with oystermen; as a rule, they are by no means so bland as their prey. But particularly desperate is the class of oystermen known as dredgers. Men, half sailor and half ruffian; half outlaw and half pirate.

The dredger drags the bottoms with great grappling tongs which rake the beds as clean as sand-banks. He fairly denudes the rivers and bays; if unchecked, his rapacity would speedily exterminate the helpless bivalve. Maryland and Virginia have sought by legislation to prevent the work of destruction. They have outlawed the traffic and have instituted a State police to chase and capture the ruffians, for they defy all law and all restraint. The dredger is incorrigible, and he soon becomes a veritable pirate with all the earmarks of his villain progenitor.

I

It was barely daybreak when Oliver woke me. Drawing on my boots I slipped into my pea-jacket and went forward. On the left the Maryland shore lay black in the shadow of the dawn. Far to the right I could see broken stretches of land curtained by mist: we were abreast the Wicomico, where the Potomac is broad.

"We must be hard on the bay, Oliver," said I, buttoning up my throat, for the night air was fresh.

"'Bout twenty mile, sir." Oliver Sollers, our Captain, colored, was owner of the Sparrow, the trim little steam launch we were on. Morley and I had chartered it for our ducking trip. "That's the Wicomico makin' in to the left," he added. "Blackwell's Island's around yon point; the fur one."

The breeze blew salt from the Chesapeake.

"Get out, Morley," I cried; "you're missing the sunrise." It was February and cool.

Morley stuck his scholarly head out of the cabin with reluctance. "I didn't come down here to get froze," he retorted. "I came down to get ducks."

We were already on the feeding-grounds of the canvas-backs—and we were out for a two weeks' engagement with them.

"You'd best put in to Lancaster's Wharf, Oliver," I suggested. "I want to look up Mowlie Boyd."

In those days Mowlie was authority on ducks along the Potomac; and for that matter is yet. I carried letters to him from Washington hunters.

With a dainty curve through the deepening ripples Oliver brought the Sparrow's nose around and the heights of the upper country soon began to take form and shape. Half-way in we made out a fleet of oyster boats getting under way.

"Run up among them, Oliver," said I, "and we'll lay in some fresh oysters for breakfast."

"I wouldn't have no truck wi' them fellers," declared Oliver with evident disrelish. "Them's drudgers, them fellers. Wouldn't have no truck wi' them—nohow."

"I don't give a copper what they are, Oliver," I replied, "provided they have some good oysters."

"Drudgers' oysters is no good, Marster Fred."

"There you may be wrong," I persisted. "I hear they sometimes poach on rare preserves. Anyhow, we'll speak them, Oliver. We're out for fun, you know."

Oliver complied, but reluctantly. He was a man of peace, Oliver, and in lower Maryland such men give oyster dredgers rather better than half the roadstead. But Morley and I were free lances; moreover, we wanted some oysters.

As we ran up I perceived great activity in the fleet. The smaller boats were already under sail. When the first of them drew within speaking distance Oliver hailed, and got never a word for his pains. Without better luck he tried a second and a third craft; we could make out the faces of the crews as they drew past on the steadily freshening breeze. They eyed us sharply in return, but gave no heed to our shouts.

"Confound their manners, Oliver!" I cried. "If this were my boat instead of yours I'd run one of their lubberly pungies down. Shoot into the schooner. We'll see if the captain is as crusty."

Oliver put about, but it was plain he was not disappointed by my failure to close with our sullen neighbors. Meantime the row had started out Morley.

"What's the racket?" he asked, coming up sleepily.

"I'm trying to get some oysters for breakfast and these poachers won't heave to. Schooner ahoy!" I hailed, as Oliver slowed up under her stern.

The crew were making sail for life and death; every halyard rattled. But they gave us no heed, and once more Oliver, in a tone to open a Mobjack oyster, roared at them. A whiskered fellow, stepping aft, peered over the taffrail.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted Morley, breaking in brusquely.

"What d'ye want?" he growled.

"Where's your captain?"

"What d'ye want with the captain?"

"We simply want to buy a bushel of nice oysters," I explained in a mollifying tone.

The chap disappeared; back he came in a minute more surly than before. "The captain says if ye know an oyster from a clam ye'd better put about. Make yourselves scarce, me hearties."

"Ahoy, there, Jacky!" I sung out angrily as the lubber slunk off. "Ask your captain if he owns this offing, will you? Ask him to step up on deck and I'll punch some manners into his head. Send him out, will you, and be hanged to your lubberly crew!"

A volley of oaths greeted my defi. Oliver had already taken the alarm and was backing away at full speed. I shook my fist at the ugly mugs who leered at us over the rail, and just as we drew out of range a great hulk of a fellow came skurrying up on their deck, threw aside a big tarpaulin and trained a gun at us. It looked to me like a thirteen-inch affair, but Oliver said it was a six-pounder. Anyway, it was full big.

Morley had business in the cabin right off. Oliver turned from ebony to ashes, and, to be candid, I felt a trifle seasick myself at the size of their fuzee. Yet I couldn't with decency sneak below and leave poor Oliver at the wheel after having started the row myself. Thus I was forced to stand by and look interested while the oyster captain prepared with unseemly haste to blow us off the water.

Happily one of the pirate crew had more consideration than his bloodthirsty chief; I saw him expostulating with the furious outlaw and earnestly wished him success. While the dispute went on the Sparrow drew beyond even cannon-shot. But if there hadn't been a diversion in our favor I verily believe the wretch would have poured a load of grape into us then and there. As soon as we could put enough salt water between us and the muzzle of the gun to moisten our breaths we headed in a dead silence for Lancaster's Wharf.

I didn't feel talkative and neither Morley nor Oliver thought it wise to press me for an expression of my feelings. For once I had been snubbed, insulted and humiliated, and that by a grimy, ill-favored parcel of dredgers. My reflections were "synonomous," as Oliver would say; and I chafed until I could count the cedars on the lowlands of Cobneck.

As we steamed up to the wharf I perceived among the natives more than an ordinary stir. In front of the long warehouses a swarm of negroes gabbled in excited groups and a crowd of whites ran to and from the store above the landing. Oliver cast a line to the nearest darky.

"Where's the wharfmaster?" I cried.

"He's over dere a-talkin' wif Marse Boyd."

"What! Mowlie Boyd?"

"Yas, boss; it's Mowlie Boyd, suh."

"Ask them to step out, will you, Sam?"

A darky hurried across to the office and two white men presently emerged. They were both well built, but the leader, tall and spare, with grayish hair, long and curling, and a flowing beard, was a notable specimen. I knew him by his head, and I had been warned of his low, gentle manner of speech.

"You are Mr. Mowlie Boyd," said I with confidence.

He bowed. "Your servant, suh."

"I've brought letters, Mr. Boyd, from friends of yours in Washington," I went on, leaping over the rail on to the wharf; "Ben Clayton and Doctor Randall." I fished the notes out of my reefer and handed them over. "We've come down for a little shooting."

He looked at the letters and looked at me.

"I ain't got my glasses," he began in a peculiarly easy tone, "but I reckon these interduce you, Mr.——"

"Make it just plain Smith," I suggested, smiling.

"Can't recollec' your face, 'n' yet seems like I heard your name," mused Mowlie abstractedly; "an' your frien' ——"

"Morley," I added as Bob leaned over the rail.

"I ain't got my glasses," repeated Mowlie, looking helplessly at the letters; "but nobody from Wash'n'ton with recommends from Doc Randall—well; I know it's all right."

"Thank you."

"An' I reck'n you-all've come down for whitebacks?"

I nodded.

"And we understand you're the boss on that particular proposition," put in Morley affably.

"I'm a'mighty sorry," said Mowlie with a troubled expression, "to be in such a fix as I am an' two Wash'n'ton gentl'men down a-lookin' for sport. But to tell the God's truth, gentl'men," he continued, in the same gentle way—yet I detected a strain in his voice—"to tell you the truth I'm in a heap o' trouble."

His earnestness left no doubt of his sincerity.

"I hope it's not so bad it can't be mended, Mr. Boyd," I replied. "Won't you step aboard the launch and have a cigar, sir?"

"I reck'n we can talk quieter aboard, but I don't see how I can fix to do any shootin' with you this-a-time, nohow."

When he sat down in the cabin and threw off his slouch hat I saw that the old duck hunter was rather out of the ordinary, and before another sun rose I found out he was really a superior man.

"We're havin' trouble right along down in this country," he began, cutting the preface, "with these yere drudgers."

I nodded.

"A fleet of 'em comes up into Pickawaxen 'bout a week ago an' started a-drudgin' right in the cove. I went out in my skiff time an' time again an' pertested. They laughed at me. Finally I tole 'em to get out o' the cove or, by cracky, I'd blow 'em out—H'm?

"Well, that-a-night they fired my barn 'n' burnt nigh on half a ton o' hay, 'n' a sneak-box I wouldn't 'a' took twenty-five dollars for. Nex' day I starts for Port Tobacco for to get papers for 'em. An' while I was gone"—Mowlie dwelt on the words with peculiar bitterness—"while I was gone them thievin' houn's ralded my house—yes, suh, they did—an' carried off my lit'l boy.

"True as God's word, suh; they stole my lit'l boy." Something trembled in the old man's voice. "Lit'l Benjie; he was my daughter's child, suh—she's dead four year—a toddlin' youngster not six years old. That pore lit'l feller—I 'clare to Heaven," he exclaimed with gentle emphasis, though he hardly raised his voice, "it a'most makes me wild when I think of it. They've tooken children from hereabout afore this, an' no one's ever hear'n of 'em ever afterward," he concluded; his simplicity was pathetic.

"What villain would do such a thing?" cried Morley indignantly.

"It's the Frenchman did it. It's Du Gallie—a murderin', thievin' pirate if ever they was one on the tall water. But if I ever face him," and Mowlie's wrinkled face took on something hard, "if ever I face him—God forgive him his wickedness!"

"Where is he?" exclaimed Morley.

"Out there in the offin' a-makin' sail this minute for Baltimore. An' here I am a-waitin' for the oyster police boat an' nothin'—not a stick o' timber—to chase him in till they come."

"You don't mean that brute in the schooner—the one we passed coming in?" I asked in amazement. "Why, he trained a gun on us for asking for a bucket of oysters. You don't mean to say he's a kidnaper?"

"That's the same; the very same: an' I—he'll be a hundred mile from here afore the police git here. Jim's got papers for him. Jim's sheriff o' Charles—Gents, this is my friend, Jim Bowie; clean forgot him. He's got papers in his pocket this minit for Du Gallie. But papers don't ketch him."

We listened silently. Already my mind was racing on expedients to help the old man; for my heart warmed to him. But my plans hinged on Oliver's stand in the matter. While Morley was talking to Mowlie I nudged our captain to come outside.

"Oliver," said I, "you've heard it."

"Yes, Marster Fred."

"I'd like to help the old man, Oliver. I like him; I don't know why, but I like him; don't you? They're ugly customers; but I feel as though I'd like to help him. If they ever get away with the kid the chances are he'll never see him again. Oliver, how do you feel?"

There were gray kinks in Oliver's own wool, and under them I soon perceived a fellow-feeling for Mowlie Boyd. The negro man took off his tattered cap thoughtfully.

"Marster Fred," said he slowly, "I'll tell you how I feel. I had a li'l feller of my own sold away f'm me once. Yes, I did, suh; sold away f'm me—God knows where he is this mawnin': I know how that white man feels. Can't tell me; I *know!*" Pausing he looked down at the deck we stood on. "She's all I got atween me and the wuk'ouse," he added, as his eyes turned lovingly to the cabin of the trim little boat. "She cost me first an' last nigh on to fifteen hunderd dollars. But—if you say so—she's ready for the chase: or a fight, if you say fight—I'm ready, too."

There are minutes that bond young men and old, white men and black, and I took his hand. Understanding each other we fairly tumbled back into the cabin.

"Mowlie," I cried, dropping formalities, "we're with you in this thing. This boat is Oliver's. He's captain and he's owner. But he's ready and we're ready and the boat's ready to help you chase Du Gallie's outfit and get the boy."

As the old man rose slowly to his feet his face was transfigured. He tried to speak—and choked up. He stretched one hand to me; the other to Oliver. We were comrades.

"Minutes are precious," observed Morley, blowing his nose. "We've plenty of shotguns and loads of ammunition, Mowlie; duckshot and buckshot—but nary a rifle——"

"I've got my old mallard gun over in the warehouse, an' I reck'n we'd better take it along. It works on a swivel, 'r you can use it on the shoulder, an' it'll blow a pungy clean out o' the Chesapeake. H'm?" said Mowlie gently.

He was off in a jiffy and soon in sight again with the most tremendous shotgun I have ever seen before or since. It was literally a terror. Jim Bowie, who had likewise hustled, reappeared with two strapping darkies at his back loaded with potatoes and salted pork sides. Jim was making ready for a stern chase. The news spread like wildfire and as we took on the stores a crowd packed the wharf like oysters.

Within fifteen minutes we were ready to cast off, and as Oliver rang smartly for full speed ahead Morley ran Old Glory up at the forepeak. Lord! how the crowd yelled. Half of them would have enlisted if we'd have taken them. But Mowlie said no. With Oliver and the engineer to run the launch, four were enough.

As we shot out into the river the dredgers were hull down to the west and south. The wind rose with the sun. They had a good start and hung well together, but as we were anxious to reach them in a bunch this suited our purpose. While the bay roughened under the fresh east wind we lay in the cabin discussing the various plans of attack; plainly we had much need of strategy. The Sparrow skimmed the swells lightly, yet we gained but slowly on them until toward evening when the wind shifted and to our surprise our chase headed against it for the Virginia shore.

"They're making for Mobjack Bay," declared Jim Bowie after a long search with the glasses. "They're fixin' to get in there about dark and make a night raid on the beds."

"If you're sure of that," said I, and Mowlie confirmed the sheriff's views, "you'd best slack a bit, Oliver; we don't want to flush too early. How soon do we get the moon?"

"Not much afore midnight."

"Lay in just near enough to hear them till the moon rises," I suggested. "They'll be dredging all night, won't they? Du Gallie will work the life out of the men to get his load on before sunup, then he'll scoot for Baltimore."

"If he ever gets to Baltimore it's good-by to Benjie," muttered Mowlie softly.

"If he ever gets to Baltimore it'll be with the Sparrow on his back," declared Morley with unusual vehemence. "He won't give us the slip, unless a scratch shot sinks us."

I never saw the boy more worked up; indeed, we were every one in deadly earnest, and the approach of the crisis, which we knew the night must bring, nerved the little crew of the launch to the highest pitch.

To get some rest we divided the watches. When Oliver woke me at midnight the moon was rising and the big bay lay smooth as a mirror. It was a perfect night for the depredations of the oyster pirates, and coming on deck I could plainly hear the rattling of the heavy tong-chains and the noisy dumping of the oysters on the schooner's deck. There was racket enough to have located the dredges if the sky had been mud, but the stars were bright and it was light as day for their work and ours.

"We've got them," exclaimed Morley, buckling a brace of revolvers about his waist as he came up. "If they get away now they'll have to paddle for it."

"'Tain't no way n-likely Du Gallie'll run," observed Mowlie gently. "More'n likely we'll run. H'm?"

"I don't say we wouldn't run, Mowlie," I put in, "but if we do we won't run far. You say Du Gallie carries a six-pounder. Very good. I've no idea of staying in range of it if we can keep out with our heels. H'm?"

For another hour we discussed the best way to get at them. At last it was determined to wait till daybreak, demand the boy, and in case of denial to insist on the search of every scow in the fleet. If that demand was refused—we didn't discuss the alternative, but we turned to and sorted over our shells very carefully.

After another nap I heard the anchor coming up; when I got forward Oliver announced steam. Day was showing in the east and I called down to Morley to throw out the table-cloth; we meant to steam up under a flag of truce.

"Run her up, Oliver," said I; "we'll try fair words first."

"They won't go far," predicted Bowie.

"We'll try them, anyhow. Now, Oliver, bear down easy on his nobs; quarter speed ahead."

The Sparrow spanked the water gently; it was like plate-glass and we cut it so quietly I believe we might have boarded the schooner unresisted had we so planned. Thinking of Oliver's trim little boat as she now lies at the bottom of the Chesapeake I sometimes think we might better have done it, too. But Dewey hadn't taught us then how to handle a night attack.

"Schooner ahoy!" shouted Morley as we ran up on her bow.

There was a moment's silence; then a chap peered over the rail. It was too dark to distinguish his features; but from his voice I made him out a darky.

"Sheer off dere! Sheer off! Tryin' to foul us?" he yelled.

"No; we're trying to speak you fair," returned Morley. "Call up your captain."

The darky disappeared, but an occasional head bobbing over the rail apprised us that the crew was stirring. It was scarcely a minute before the captain himself, bustling forward, hailed us, and gruffly enough.

—MOWLIE BOYD . . . GRAPPLED THE GIGANTIC PIRATE

"Get clear o' my boat," he roared with a curse, "or I'll blow ye clear!"

Jim Bowie spoke. "Are you Captain Du Gallie?"

"And what if I am or ain't?" he bellowed savagely.

"We want the boy you took from Pickawaxen night afore last. I'm the sheriff of Charles County. I've got papers for you, Du Gallie; but if you give us the boy we'll say no more about the rest of your deviltry."

"Sheriff o' Charles?" he yelled, snapping his fingers in Bowie's face. "I'll give ye two minutes to clear. D'ye hear? If ye put foot on my deck I'll swing ye to the yard-arm, Mr. Sheriff o' Charles."

"You, Du Gallie?" It was Mowlie Boyd's voice. "Aye, you know me. You fired my barn, Du Gallie."

"Aye, you rascally mud-heel, and I'll fire your house next."

"You fired my barn, Du Gallie," repeated Mowlie quietly, "though I wouldn't get friends mixed up with you for that. But you stole my lit'l boy, Du Gallie, and you've got to give him up to me safe and sound—safe and sound, or there'll be blood atween us. Now, I ask you fair, Du Gallie, will you give up the boy?"

We could hear a muttered conference on the schooner's deck, and we gripped our arms in the gray of the dawn tightly, as we crouched low, waiting. After a bit Du Gallie reappeared.

"Drop around under the stern and I'll send the dingey out and see whether any of the boats picked up such a boy, Boyd. If my men have taken your boy I didn't know it. Drop around under the stern before ye foul us."

"Thank you, Captain," I replied; "we'll lie here, I reckon."

"Drop back, ye lubber!" he thundered in a rage.

"And get into range of your stern chaser? Well, I guess not, Captain—not if it's just the same to you. This is good enough."

He saw we were not to be duped and rushed suddenly back.

Oliver gave her full speed; the Sparrow shook her wings; but the Frenchman was after us. Up came a big gun over the rail; we ducked like mud-hens. There was a flash and a roar. I heard the glass in the wheelhouse crash, but the foxy Oliver lay flat as bilge water and the buckshot whistled over his head.

As we swung off their quarter we raked their deck with duck shot. There was a great clatter and above it we could hear Du Gallie storming. The fight was on—and we knew it would be to a finish. Just then the wind puffed from the north; it was precisely what we didn't want. The schooner crew began making sail.

Mowlie was instantly alert. "That'll never do, boys!" he exclaimed. "If they make sail and get out into the lower bay we're done for. Oliver, friend," he continued mildly, laying his hand on the black man's shoulder, "tack and run back on their port quarter and I'll try to clear out their rigging with the swivel. H'm?"

Oliver, game as any man aboard, as Mowlie would say, brought the Sparrow to beautifully. As we approached them quartering Mowlie took his place in the forechains waiting his shot. He stood as straight as a flagstaff. Under his broad hat the rising wind caught his curling hair and bellied his duck blouse. He brought his monster gun up and cocked it.

Seldom have I seen such a man; never such a gun. It was a six-gauge English muzzle-loader with barrels thirty-eight inches long. He loaded twelve drams of powder in each barrel and practically a handful of buckshot.

The pirates swarmed along the deck and through the rigging, active as ants. Thinking they had only to pick us off at their pleasure as we ran in they yelled and jeered lustily. Already their guns were banging, though out of range, and all of us but Mowlie lay under cover.

"Aye, aye," he sung in answer to my warning. "Bring her up a point, Oliver. So—hard aport!"

As her nose went sharply off, up went the English gun. One, two! Heavens, what a roar. Mowlie staggered from the recoil; the buckshot hurtled at the schooner in a very hail. Men dropped out of the rigging like blackbirds. The deck crew let fly a perfect fusillade at us; but so well had Mowlie gauged the distance as he pushed on and off that their bullets spattered in the bay like gravel. By the time Oliver got the starboard tack Mowlie had reloaded and loomed up ready to rake the schooner again. We played it like a sparrow baiting a hawk. Du Gallie tore about and I doubt not raved in impotent fury. The rest of the fleet, taking alarm and advantage of the breeze, scooted away as fast as their canvas would carry them. From the schooner's deck Du Gallie's men popped industriously at the gaunt figure in our forechains, but Mowlie, keeping just out of reach, sped back and forth and banged at the pirate crew till they were utterly demoralized. Sail making was out of the question and Mowlie appeared to be bullet-proof. Once I saw the old man's face covered with blood and ran to him sure he was hurt.

"It's only the hammers of the gun," he explained, smiling through the gore. "She's getting old and kicks a little," he added holding up the cannon affectionately. The fact was, the trigger catches were so worn that when Mowlie fired one barrel the concussion usually sent off the other, and the kick was something terrific. Nobody but a giant could have shouldered the gun, anyway, for it should have been fired from a swivel. But though the old hunter's cheek looked like a piece of beefsteak he held the schooner in check as effectively as Dewey himself could have done it.

"Du Gallie'll never get a start as long as your face holds out," cried Jim Bowie encouragingly.

"The oyster police should be here pretty soon," said the old man, scanning the horizon. "But, hold on!" he cried suddenly, turning toward the wheelhouse. Oliver had gone below to pack a valve and the engineer was at the wheel. "Hold on, friend; you'll have us in range of his six-pounder."

A glance showed us the danger. The schooner, swinging with the tide, bore on us far to starboard! We were a bit out of our course, anyway. Our shouts brought Oliver flying to the wheel—but too late. There came a sudden flash from the pirate's deck.

"Down for your lives!" shouted Jim Bowie, sprawling—and none too soon.

With a shriek like a cat-squall a charge of grape swept our deck; swept it as clean as a crossing. Smokestack, wheelhouse, wheel—and worst of all, from our boiler came a hiss and a roar and a mighty upheaval. I was blown headlong against the scuppers.

Quick as I could pull myself together I took stock of our casualties. The shot and the explosion left us utterly helpless; but, with the exception of the engineer, who was scalded, not a soul of us was hurt.

Mowlie was the first to speak.

"They're lowering a boat to finish us. Aye, they're going to board us," said he grimly. "Lay low, everybody. Low. They think we're blown to slivers. Lay low, every man, an' when I give the word—up, an' a volley."

We crawled into line on the starboard side. I made out eight or nine men in the long boat, pulling toward us. I saw a brass piece in the stern; yet there was not one of us, even to the wounded engineer who lay under the wreck of the stack loading an extra gun, who was not aching to close with them.

Mowlie waited until they were fairly on us. At ten yards they sheered to grapple—and he gave a great cry. We jumped with a hair-raising yell and let go right and left into them. The boatswain, springing high into the air, tumbled struggling into the bay. The oarsmen fell together in a heap. Du Gallie, brandishing a formidable knife, sprang on our deck like a wild cat; three of his men were right at his heels. But the Captain himself came at me and there was murder in his eye. There had been no time to reload. Clubbing my gun I swung at him, but he was too quick by far, and was almost at my throat when with a peculiar and awful yell Mowlie Boyd, springing in front of me, grappled the gigantic pirate.

Both men were great of stature; the Frenchman the heavier. Du Gallie was, besides, a man of daily violence; but Mowlie Boyd, though gentle as a kitten, had yet ridden four terrible years in Jeb Stuart's cavalry. A death grapple was not a new proposition to Mowlie Boyd.

I tried to help him as they clinched, but so fierce was the onset that it was impossible to assist. I could only stand in a trance, watching the deadly struggle until a moment should come in which I could intervene.

I saw Du Gallie's dirk flash in the sun like the tongue of a snake, but the wrist that held it was in Mowlie's grip; and of a sudden, by a shrewd and merciless twist, the old cavalryman sent the pirate's long knife flying into the bay. Du Gallie, jerking free, reached for his pistol. It gave Mowlie an opening; like a lever his long forearm went into the pirate's neck. The effect was something terrible. I saw, for the first time in my life, the deadly strangle-hold of the wrestler; and with it the grizzled old rough rider bore his adversary relentlessly back.

The giant Frenchman's features set; his lips drew into a bowline; agony and fear fixed his face as he desperately sought to get his pistol into play. But the fatal elbow was choking him.

Sullenly, defiantly, with an almost superhuman effort, Du Gallie struggled on; but he was trapped—trapped like a common terrapin; and swaying in an absolute convulsion the brute sank dying on the deck.

I turned to help our comrades; but their fight, too, was ended; and, seeing Du Gallie done, the pack cried lustily for quarter.

Securing our prisoners we manned the long boat and started for the schooner. Mowlie took charge of the brass piece and at a hundred yards he let fly at the big boat, keeping well out of range of the deck gun. Before we could reload the dismayed crew ran up the white flag and in five minutes we were in possession of the schooner; the smaller boats, in the confusion, had made good their escape. But under stress of Mowlie's vigorous threats the crew produced the little kidnaped boy, and when the old man appeared in the companionway with the chubby youngster clinging to his neck, yelling as if his heart was broken, while his grandfather petted him, it looked as if the victory was big enough for all it had cost.

The Sparrow was a wreck. We headed the schooner straight for Baltimore and tried to take the launch on a line, but during the night the rope parted in the bay, and the Sparrow capsized and went down like a bullet.

Oliver bore it bravely. The schooner, worth half a dozen launches, was our legitimate prize. By unanimous consent all claims were waived before the Admiralty Court in favor of Oliver Sollers, and Oliver, after no end of red tape, became the legal owner of the ill-fated pirate's craft, which he rechristened the Sparrow.

When we go duck hunting now with Oliver and Mowlie, Jim Bowie always makes one of the party; and when it snows too hard to stay in the blind we adjourn to the cabin and swap yarns about the fight in Mobjack Bay.

The Autobiography of an Immigrant—By Jacob Kotinsky

TWO weeks was a sufficiently long test for my untrained patience with so strenuous a life. Under a pretense I went back to Carmel, where mother and the children lived. Six weeks' work at tailoring there for less than a mere pittance discouraged me, however, and so back to Woodbine and the woods I returned, this time determined there to stay.

Many a morning I rose in our stable dwelling (barns were the only available shelter) to find my shirt up in arms at my bedside. Wet with perspiration of the preceding day it froze solidly over night! Nevertheless, despite the discomfort, I became physically stronger during that winter, and not a day was spent in sickness.

During the winter father contrived to be granted a farm. It was three miles away from the centre of the settlement, in the heart of the wilderness characteristic of that country, though within a mile from a railway station—its only redeeming feature. The house erected, mother was sent for, and on a stormy, blustering day in March, 1892, she arrived with the children at that depot. Somehow the household effects were delayed in transportation; father had not yet returned from the city where he went to receive medical treatment; and so it devolved upon me to care for the family. A small stove was the only article of comfort in the house. Tired out by travel, the children fell asleep soon after reaching the house. What garments mother and I could spare from our backs served them as bedding, while to our lot it fell to keep vigilant watch over the fire, since wood was the only available fuel and the night was cold. Though under ordinary circumstances one finds little comfort in a bed of bare pine flooring, we stood the test well that night. Even mother, who was twice my age, did not feel the worse next morning. The joyful prospects of ultimately owning the house and the farm it stood upon overbalanced whatever hardships were to be encountered in the process.

The hard work did not disagree with me, yet I was beginning to yearn for a rest. The prospects for securing one were unusually bright, for eight days of Passover were approaching. But here was hard luck waiting in ambush for me. On the first day of the eight, father, who loves to see his cattle thoroughly domesticated, let loose the cow that was purchased but a week before. Her calf immediately plunged into the woods near by, and the cow followed it. This apparently insignificant incident occasioned eight full days of trying search and bitter anxiety, and sleepless nights spent in the woods in vain attempts to recapture the animal by means of various methods of strategy. As if directed by the irony of fate she was not brought to bay until the eight days had expired, after which the excuse for imperative rest disappeared.

A Night School in a Jewish Colony

Work on the farm was immediately begun. That having proved unremunerative I secured employment in the newly established clothing factory. Gradually I acquired the necessary skill for making ladies' cloaks, which paid well, and, materially contented, I turned my attention to intellectual advancement. The advent of more young people, particularly those of the gentler sex, in the spring, instilled into the community new and more interesting social life. By virtue of my aggressive nature, perhaps, I proved to be a guiding spirit in the junior circle.

Turning my attention to the establishment of a library and night school, I gained the confidence of the people. At the first mass-meeting handsome contributions were volunteered, and sufficient funds were collected to enable us to purchase a fair number of books and magazines. I must confess that the atmosphere in which I perambulated then was far from Americanizing. All my associates were foreigners like myself. Most of the books and periodicals read, though ever of the better class, were in the Yiddish language. Only the classics in that jargon were patronized. If they did not assimilate they broadened our minds, extended our sphere of circumspection, deepened the scope of our vision. Readings

Editor's Note—This story of how a Russian immigrant without friends or money educated himself for a scientific career was begun last week, and is here concluded.

and discussions on political economy, socialism, history, natural science and many other topics were held pell-mell. My first attempt at reading an English book was made the previous winter by digging through a translation of Tolstoi's What to Do, and was here continued by reading translations of others of his works. Foolishly misguided, I considered myself beyond the age of fiction. More serious works on sociology, psychology and philosophy drew my attention, and Tolstoi is eminent for embodying them in his works. English authors were taken up considerably later.

In course of the winter the superintendent at the factory had demonstrated his incapability, and it became necessary and proper to have him removed, especially since his continuation there entailed much loss to the workmen. For reasons obvious to him it was impolitic for the manufacturer to discharge that man summarily, and so the only means left at our disposal to convince him of the absolute necessity thereof was to strike, which we did. My aggressiveness again placed me in the front rank, and, thanks to unanimous efforts, at the end of three weeks we marched into the factory triumphantly. Thus it fell to my share to be a strike leader also.

Striving for a College Education

My first act of genuine Americanization consisted in being duly sworn in as a citizen of the United States in the spring of 1893. The act of taking the oath was overwhelmingly solemn, though not a particle of remorse or the slightest pang of regret seized me at the promise to renounce allegiance to all foreign rulers, especially the Tsar of Russia.

During the spring of 1893 I was seized with a consuming desire to get a college education, and with this end in view went to Philadelphia. Securing employment that occupied my days, I utilized the evenings for preparation in English and the rudiments of other subjects. Unfortunately the awful crisis that raged throughout the land during that year overtook me. I was thrown out of employment and in July was forced to return to the village. This I found almost deserted. The clothing factory, formerly the mainstay of the people, had been vacated, and many were on the verge of starvation. For reasons, perhaps not wholly philanthropic, a neighboring tomato grower and canner employed some fifty of our village youth to help him. On the healthy occupation of tomato-picking ten hours daily, the hearty appetite, square meals, and a dollar and a quarter a day, I thrived splendidly until the early part of October. Returning to Woodbine again I was advised by the superintendent of that colony to commence preparation for the agricultural course at Rutgers College. Having contemplated the establishment of an agricultural school for Jewish boys he wished to prepare teachers that would take a personal interest in the institution.

Said and done. We (there was another young man at the same place who was likewise instructed to prepare) were employed four days during the week, utilizing the remaining time for study. It was late in November before textbooks and all necessary information on the subjects to pursue were at hand. Mathematics was the principal subject required, a decent knowledge of English having been tacitly understood. But immediately upon their arrival we took to our books with a vengeance. Days were too short and nights not long enough. Almost entirely without the aid of a tutor we covered our algebra, geometry and arithmetic by the first of March (1894). The following three months were spent entirely in work, forgetting what we had learned until then. But June, July, August and part of September were entirely our own. During that time we had repeated all of our mathematics, and learned the English grammar in addition.

Equipped with the knowledge of these subjects we started for college on the morning of September 16. The baggage of both of us was easily handled up to arriving at New Brunswick, New Jersey, our college town, for the very simple reason that it consisted only of an old satchel, and that was hardly filled by our "traps." Arriving there, however, the handle of the old bag mysteriously broke off and we had to carry the cumbersome thing as best we could. Safely lodged in a hotel we sat down to putting on the finishing touches prior to examinations next morning. By means of cold face-baths and pinching each other, we succeeded in sitting up, grinding until two A. M.

The next day we were greeted by typical autumn weather. Leaden sky with rain pouring down in torrents found us without an umbrella. It did not dampen our spirits, however, for hale and happy we entered the classroom at nine A. M., and upon leaving it at one P. M. found ourselves passed in all three mathematical subjects with the highest record in the seventeen years of that professor's experience in examining boys for entrance, as he told us a year after graduation. In the afternoon our knowledge of grammar and English was tested and that was found satisfactory. Whether we were to be admitted to college, however, since we were not prepared on a few other subjects required, remained to be seen. The time entirely at our disposal, it hung heavily on our hands that day. Words cannot express our joy when next morning we were informed that we were admitted on condition we maintain good standing in class, and pass upon the untried subjects within a stipulated time.

Our headquarters were established upon the college farm, and shortly we dived into the exhilarating atmosphere of American college life. From information gained in books and by contact with other Russians I was competent to compare the lives of students in educational institutions of the two countries, and found much to the credit of the American. Here the process of Americanization proceeded fast and effectively. Completely surrounded by a genuine, healthy, inspiring American atmosphere, my flexible nature readily yielded to the moulding pressure from without. The English, spoken and written, was taken in by gulps. New light was shed upon American institutions. Youth resumed its sway, and interest in American affairs ran high. Close personal contact with the revered gentlemen, my professors, the original respect for whom grew later into personal admiration (an advantage, by the way, to be gained only in institutions where there are not too many students), contributed much toward drawing me closer to the country that is my adopted home. The previous inoculation of Americanism took here, under favorable genial conditions, a healthy color, and soon bloomed forth into such patriotism that at the end of the course, when the war with Spain broke out, the writer's enthusiasm for defense of his country was raised to such a pitch that had it not been for domestic ties and duties he would have undoubtedly enlisted.

Days of Toil and Victory

During the last two years at college it devolved upon me to defray my own expenses. I barely succeeded during the first of these by tutoring, but during the last I secured employment upon the farm. And they were jolly days! Three hours and a half daily in milking cows, besides performing miscellaneous duties half a day each Saturday, and working every other Sunday, together with the regular college work, affected little my college standing, and infused enthusiasm into the work.

In June, 1898, I happily graduated, with a Phi Beta Kappa, and was one of the class orators. The latter honor appealed to me, as a foreigner, particularly. Thus my mother's wishes, that she own a cow and that her first-born get a college education, were granted.

After graduation I returned to the village, prepared to return to the people what they gave me in providing me with a college education. My course having been in agriculture I delivered in the several Jewish colonies a series of lectures in Yiddish on the laws governing the pursuit. By the benevolence of the late Baron and Baroness de Hirsch the agricultural school at Woodbine was improved materially and I was installed as one of the teachers. Much persevering work was required to organize the institution on a systematic basis, and I take considerable pride in having been a pioneer in helping to make of that settlement and institution what they are at present: the former—the pride of Jewish settlements the world over: the latter—the first institution of that kind in this country, and, I dare say, the best and most useful one of all the charitable institutions I know of; the only school to make genuine tillers of the soil out of Jewish youth, and thus, while wresting them from the clutches of their miserable occupations in cramped cities, preparing them for a life that is most useful, such as was pursued by their noble ancestors prior to their unfortunate dispersal the globe over.

My usefulness at that institution having become less pressing I was ready to make myself useful to humanity at large and the American people in particular. By the wise provisions of our Secretary of Agriculture, Hon. James Wilson, I found an opening at the Department of Agriculture. My excellent training at Rutgers stood me in good stead, and I soon secured a position in the Entomological Division, having gone through the entire course of red tape of the Civil-Service Commission.

Under the kindly, watchful guidance of the genial chief of the division I have succeeded in making myself useful there, and thus have not only maintained my original position but have risen in the scale of the service.

This is the document of an Americanized Russian Jew, with a goodly portion of the credit due to the country that for a century and a quarter has been a haven for the oppressed seeking shelter under the wings of the mighty eagle of "E Pluribus Unum."

The Friendship of Nature

A Parable by Charles Battell Loomis

A POET who spent most of his waking moments in fine frenzies gave over the companionship of men. "Mankind is false and fleeting. I will have no friends but Nature and her works." And he went forth and apostrophized the works of Nature.

"O noble mountains, you are my brothers! On the gracious curves of your ascent I will trust myself as a babe trusts its mother. Mankind is false, but you are ever responsive to my moods."

And the mountains responded and heaved an avalanche at the poet, and if a peasant had not pulled him out of the snow he would have gone the way of all flesh.

But the next day he went forth again and apostrophized the clouds.

"O fleecy clouds, and you of the broad black backs, ye are my brothers! I would pillow my head on your undulating bosoms. Man is a vain thing and he is here but a short time, but the clouds form and reform, and live forever."

And a large fat cloud burst at this moment and inundated the country, and the poet would have drowned if a farmer had not rescued him.

The third day, his thoughts still upon Mother Nature, he went forth and, tuning his lyre, he sang to a mossy bank.

"O earth, thou art my friend! Gently I recline upon thy soft, green grasses. I pillow my form upon thee and thou art responsive to me. Thou fillest the air with the fragrance of the violets that gather sustenance from thy generous depths. Man comes and goes and is forgotten, and he is false withal, but the earth——"

At this moment there was an earthquake and the bank opened, and if a lusty young peasant had not caught the poet he would have disappeared forever.

The next day he had ceased to think of his escape from Nature's Open Door and the memory of the peasant had faded, and he went forth to sing pæons to the unquiet sea.

"O sea, why art thou called an angry sea? Thou smilest at me and sendest up inviting waves that lave my feet. If I were to cast myself into thy depths thou wouldst bear me up, for I am a poet and I love thee. Mankind wearies me, for men are like ants. There is no grandeur in them. They are like the eggs of fish, not to be counted for number and all alike. But thou, O sea, art strong and mighty and ever varying, and the song of thy waves has not ceased since the stars sang together. Come to my heart, my loved."

And the waves heard his cry, for even though they did not come to his heart they sent in an undertow, and as there was neither peasant nor farmer at hand he was drowned.

MORAL—Mother Nature does not go in for sentiment.

The Village Philosopher

By Nixon Waterman

DOWN at the corner grocery store
Sat Billings. Half a dozen more
Were grouped about the stove that day
To hear what Billings had to say.
"'Tain't my fault I was born so late."—
Here Billings lit his pipe—"It's fate;
Yes, fate that shapes the lives o' men
An' tells 'em what to do an' when.

"The ones who used to win success
Would find hard sleddin' now, I guess,
In tryin' fer to write their name
High on the deathless scroll o' fame.
Fer any man with brains can see
Things ain't like what they used to be
Back yonder when the world was new
An' there was everything to do.

"Fact is, to-day there ain't no chance
Fer anybody to advance.
The things worth doin' has been done;
There's nothin' left fer any one."
Here Billings passed and took a few
Long, lingering whiffs, and softly blew
The smoke in clouds above his head,
And thought a while, and then he said:

"Now there's Columbus: s'posin' he
Was one of us to-day, he'd see
There ain't no worlds a-loafin' round
Just sort o' waitin' to be found.
An' Franklin with his key an' kite
He couldn't interest us a mite,
Fer little children in their play
Are doin' all he done, to-day.

"The printin' press, the railway train,
The ships that plow the ragin' main,
An' telegraph an' telephone,
An' all such things, were once unknown.
Then all a feller had to do
Was just to think o' something new
An' tell it to the people, when
They'd class him with the brainy men.

"Some folks say we've as good a show
As what they had a long ago
Fer findin' out things. That's all bosh;
Leavin's is all we've got, b' gosh!
It's blamed discouragin' to me
To sort o' glance about an' see
The easy things that men have done
That made 'em famous, every one.

"An' say! I purty nearly hate
The man who dares to intimate
The wise men who have passed away
Was smarter'n what we be to-day."
Here Billings puffed his pipe a while
And then with something like a smile
He added: "Guess they'd got the worst
Of it if we'd 'a' got here first."

Winning the Markets of the Orient

By Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana

IT WOULD well pay the associated producers of the United States to send three or four bright young men into the Far East for the purpose of studying commercial methods. These men should be chosen with care. The German Government sent an industrial and commercial commission to study Oriental commercial conditions. Our Government should do likewise; *but independently of that the manufacturers and producers should send their own men.* The Government commission should have to do with making the Government and people of the United States familiar with the people and conditions of the Far East so that a steady national policy might be evolved. *The business man's commission should have sole reference to the sheer question of selling.* They should learn how the Chinese desire their goods prepared. They should seek out sources of demand and trade.

Object-Lessons from the Steel Trade

For example, the secret of Mr. Carnegie's enormous increase of steel products was due to the discovery by his agents of new uses for steel. When a thing is once accomplished it is so much taken for granted that people forget that the demand did not always exist. For example, Mr. Carnegie's agents had considerable difficulty in demonstrating to builders that the best material for the erection of great buildings is steel. They succeeded by actual demonstration in convincing the country that steel is the best possible material, and now very few large buildings are erected with anything but steel frames. So in China there are simply numberless opportunities for the uses of American products. All they need is, first, the discovery of them by our producers and, second, the display of their uses to Chinamen just as Mr. Carnegie's agents showed in our own country the uses of steel.

China is a far better field for this than Europe, because Europe's market is pretty well congested now and its own producers are straining every nerve to supply its own demands. Nothing but our enormous aggregations of producing capital enables us to keep in that market at all. But China is a virgin market. Its exploitation has not even yet been begun, and an intelligent, practical, patient (let me repeat, patient, patient, patient, patient) commission sent to China by the producers of manufactures; another one of like character sent by our combined producers of breadstuffs; and, third, one sent by the combined producers of cotton goods, would discover fields for the sale of our merchandise which would surprise Americans and surprise the Chinamen, too. The Chinaman individually is really a very intelligent man, as has been pointed out in this paper. He is a victim of two things: individual selfishness and a sort of paralysis which comes from his worship of precedent.

Mr. Parsons gives an instance in his little book which illustrates this latter quality with surprising distinctness. He tells of a bridge, high and round, which was erected some hundreds of years ago over what was then a stream. But long since, hundreds of years perhaps, that stream ceased to flow. Time has filled in its bed, which is now on a level with the surrounding country, and vegetation grows upon it. But the road still runs *over* the bridge and Chinamen carrying great burdens, instead of walking past the bridge continue to toil up and down it simply because their fathers did the same thing. Those idiosyncrasies of Chinese character must be studied and we must act accordingly. One reason for the decline of British sales to the Chinese, which the inquirer hears repeated over and over again, is that the British put up their goods the way the British want them and not the way the Chinaman wants them, and that they say in effect to the Chinaman: "This is the way I like to put up goods. Take them or leave them." The German doesn't do anything of the kind. He caters to Chinese desires; therefore he gets Chinese trade.

Again, the simpler items of Chinese trade must receive the most serious and painstaking attention. I very well remember talking to a certain very high British official in the Far East about the growth of German trade. "Oh," said he, "it is muck and truck trade." By "muck and truck trade" he meant clocks, pins, buttons, the minutiæ of commerce. When it was pointed out to him that this is the seed of all commerce; that from such little germs of trade greater trade is bound to grow; that they make the Chinaman familiar with German goods and the German trade and the German name, he was utterly unable to appreciate that commercial point. At an official dinner given that very evening another high British functionary, in talking over this same thing, said: "Oh, well, England has got along very well in the past and she will get along very well in the future. It is England, you know. Nothing can down England." It was the spirit of self-satisfaction which is the root of all unprogressiveness. No new methods for England; no change of conditions for English merchants; no progress, in short, for England; she had captured the trade in the manner pointed out in my paper on Germany's activities in China, and she has forgotten that the conditions which gave her that trade have utterly passed away. To-day is not yesterday even if the same sun does shine. The world moves. On an excursion among the Chinese shops at Hongkong it was found that, though most of the cloths were English, the buttons were German, the needles were German, the pins were German, the clocks were German, and so on. All of them ought to be American. By the same token, all of them ought to be cheap. Peoples of the Far East are not looking for high-grade articles any more than they are looking for high-grade money. They insist on silver. They insist upon the copper "cash," a money made of hollow disks of copper of which it takes hundreds and in one or two provinces almost a thousand to equal a dollar. Similarly they insist on cheap goods. They will continue to insist on them until they are raised to a commercial and industrial civilization on a level with American and European conditions of like character.

What a Competent Agent Could Accomplish

After such commissions (and it is insisted that there should be one for each great industry—each commission would find its hands full and its time entirely occupied) there ought to be a pooling of each great group of American industries, and then *the very best representative that that industry can find in all the world* should be sent permanently to China and *paid enough to justify him in exiling himself to the Orient* in the interest of his employers and American commerce. But if we have not yet advanced so far in coöperative civilization that our manufacturers of tools, machinery, implements and the like in one group, our manufacturers of cotton goods in another group, our manufacturers of food products in another group, can see their way clear to the pooling arrangement, let each great house that sees the advantages of this market (and not to see it would be like the blindness of a farmer who, searching for a location, finds a magnificent stretch of fertile land immediately at his hand, but fails to see its value) send at its own expense a highly-paid representative to China to exploit its own products. I repeat the expression, a highly-paid representative. You had better send nobody at all than send some person who has not been successful here, or a picked up, untried, untested and unknown individual in the Far East. *You have got to send the very best man you can find*—the most comprehensive and alert in intellect, the most tactful in disposition, the most engaging in personality, and above all, the most patient, painstaking and industrious in method. Such a person will prove an investment which will pay increasingly great dividends.

With the increase of trade and the growth of general knowledge and enlightenment as to Oriental conditions which would come from following this course new and improved methods would constantly suggest themselves as new branches of wheat stool out from the original grain. And it would not be a great many years before America would monopolize Chinese trade and the American Government would be the supreme Power in the Orient. It is the neglected peoples and the neglected markets to which we must look in the future. When you reflect that Germany, including Alsace and Lorraine, has upward of fifty millions of people and that we sell her nearly one hundred and ninety million dollars' worth of goods every year; that the United Kingdom has only forty millions of people and that we sell it over five hundred and thirty million dollars' worth of goods every year; that France has less than forty millions of people and that we sell her nearly eighty-five million dollars' worth of goods, but that China has four hundred million people and that we sell her not more than twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods upon the face of the returns (although by counting American goods which go to China by way of London and Japan and by other indirect routes we probably sell her forty millions), a child can see the possibilities of American trade expansion in China.

It has been repeated so many times that it is accepted as a truism, that the first and last requisite for the increase of American trade in China is the maintenance of the open door. The open door means only that the goods of all nations shall have free access to the treaty ports of China upon exactly the same terms. It must be remembered, however, that treaty ports did not always exist, and, as Mr. Leroy Ballou points out, they have all or nearly all been secured by armed conflict. So far as China's door is open, it has been forced open by bayonets. It is quite possible that any further opening of the door (that is, a multiplying of treaty ports or any aggressive trade concessions to the world) will be secured by the same method or by the fear of it. Of course, there is a possibility that a new order of things will develop itself in China; that when the new Emperor takes in his hands the reins of government he will grant these concessions to the rest of the world upon considerations of wise policy and enlightened statesmanship. It is a beautiful hope and every student of the world prays for its realization. But the practical man must deal with facts.

As important as the maintenance of the open door is the extension of the avenues to which that door leads. If the door is open ever so wide but you can only just get your goods inside of it, what does that avail you? That is the condition of China now. The tax on goods taken into the interior, an attempt to abolish which has proved a failure, prevents goods from going very far from the treaty ports. I know I have repeated this many times, but it as a fact so essential and so little known that it will have to be repeated a number of times more and from many different sources in order to be thoroughly appreciated. It is agreed and is now a law (so far as such an agreement can be called a law) that one-half of the customs tariff on foreign goods entering China shall be employed in lieu of and to replace all internal transportation tax. But this has not worked as a practical matter. To get the goods into the interior is still a thing of difficulty—almost impossibility. By the interior is meant long distances into the interior. Of course, treaty ports include not only coast cities but those on rivers as well. For instance, Hankow, eight hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang, is a treaty port. But foreign goods circulate in appreciable quantities only a short distance from there.

How to Keep the Door to China Open

With the privilege of transportation of foreign goods into the interior would come another practical difficulty—that of finding a method of transportation. Merchandise must now be borne on the backs of coolies, in wheelbarrows, and on the backs of horses. This will not do, that is plain. Modern commerce will never be satisfied with such antique methods. Roads will have to be built—first railroads and then, branching out from these, lines of highway for wagons. This is a practical problem worth while—quite as important as the open door. So far as the open door is concerned the world may as well understand that it is not to be kept open by talk nor by communications. It has been pointed out in this paper that it is being kept open now more by the jealousies of the aggressive Powers than by any agreement. When these jealousies are removed or when a common agreement of the aggressive Powers is reached, or when the physical preponderance of Russia, Germany or France becomes so great that the preponderating country can do what it wishes, the door cannot be kept open, no matter how much "paper" statesmen "talk." The writer has talked with large numbers of residents of the Far East and with students of the Far Eastern question, and all are agreed that if the partition of China is to be prevented something must be done of a definite, tangible, visible, material nature. This is a task for constructive, practical statesmanship such as the present century does not

Editor's Note—With this article Senator Beveridge's series of papers on the Far East comes to a conclusion.

present in any other direction. It is a good thing for the American people to know this, because, as has been pointed out, we cannot have a national policy except as the *people* of England ought to take the initiative in this matter. This is the opinion of Englishmen in the Orient. Mere scoffing at Russia and Germany will not do. Mere excited utterance at a dinner-table or at the social gathering or in the newspapers will not do. Editors of England and of the English-speaking race profoundly wish for a revival of that singular practical power of adaptability which in former days made England what she is yet in spite of her decline—the first Power of the world. If she refuses to be that any longer there is nothing for America to do but to step in and take her place. Ultimately—soon—we will do this anyhow. This, however, is a digression into the fields of practical statesmanship of which the limits of this paper do not admit.

Figures that Show a Growing Trade with China

It may be well, in closing, to note something of the exact statistics of our trade with China at present and in the immediate past. In 1898 we exported to China $9,992,894 worth of merchandise, of which the principal items were cotton goods, oil and flour. In 1900 we exported (in spite of the Boxer troubles) $15,259,167 worth of which the principal items were the same. In 1898 we exported to Hongkong (all of which was consumed in China) $6,265,200 worth of merchandise, and in 1900, $8,485,078 worth. So that in 1898 the United States sold to China directly some sixteen million dollars' worth of merchandise, whereas in 1900 we sold to China directly nearly twenty-four million dollars' worth. But perhaps a fourth as much again as this was sent to the Empire by way of London and Liverpool, and perhaps a similar percentage was exported by way of Japan. The exact amounts sent through these last two channels cannot definitely be computed. Only an estimate can be made.

This surprising increase of trade is exhibited also throughout Oceanica and the entire Far East. No explanation of this sudden and apparently unaccountable increase is given such as has been offered for the singular growth of German commerce. It is fair to say that most of it is due to the greater familiarity with the American flag and the American people, throughout the Orient, which followed close upon the Spanish War. Countries are very little different from towns in their essential characteristics; and a country merchant knows that, if you get the people talking about his store and his goods, his trade at once increases. It is a practical point of which the smallest as well as the largest merchant in town and every country takes account. It must not be forgotten in our larger dealings with peoples. If our trade were pushed in an aggressive, material and visible way its increase would astound the most sanguine. The writer has feared to make statements as strong as the facts themselves warrant, because in view of our unfamiliarity with the whole question it has been feared that a conservative public would regard them as overstatements. My statements have been measured with care, and even reduced from their just and proper proportions.

Exploiting New Fields in Asia

This word in conclusion. A great American manufacturer recently said: "Our firm is going to invade the Asiatic field." Some of our directors pointed out what seemed to be the folly of this because our present trade with that region of the earth is so inconsiderable compared with our trade with Europe, for example. Therefore, these objecting directors said, 'Why waste time on this little market when a great market is at our hands?' But I answered them that we have exploited the European market and the home market, and that the Asiatic market is comparatively a new one—virgin soil, as it were—and that what we must look for is not old markets but new markets.

That was common-sense, was it not? When we have occupied a market or got under good headway in it, the progressive and sensible thing to do is to look into the next and nearest market and set out to exploit that. It is observed that the great mine owners of our Western States were never content with the ownership of one mine. When the successful mine owner had that under his control, and in thorough working order, he sent his prospectors in every direction to search out new ones. That was the secret of Senator Clark's marvelous success. It was simply an application of common-sense and energy to a practical situation.

Virgin Markets Ours for the Asking

Consider Russia, for example. We sell her something like between seven and eight million dollars' worth of merchandise every year. We might as well sell her forty million dollars' worth every year. The trade is ours for the asking and the going after. Our competitors are asking for it and going after it. They will get it, too, unless we act with skill and address. Russia would prefer to buy from us because we are not in her way anywhere, and because she has animosities of an historic and permanent character against every one of our competitors. Then there is Asiatic Russia, chiefly Siberia. Our sales to her are inconsiderable. All Eastern Siberia as far as Irkutsk is our natural market. The Russian occupation of Manchuria (if Russia continues to let our goods in free and does not differentiate against us on her railroad rates) will double our trade. (We sell to Manchuria about eight million dollars' worth of cotton a year.) And most of all, there is China.

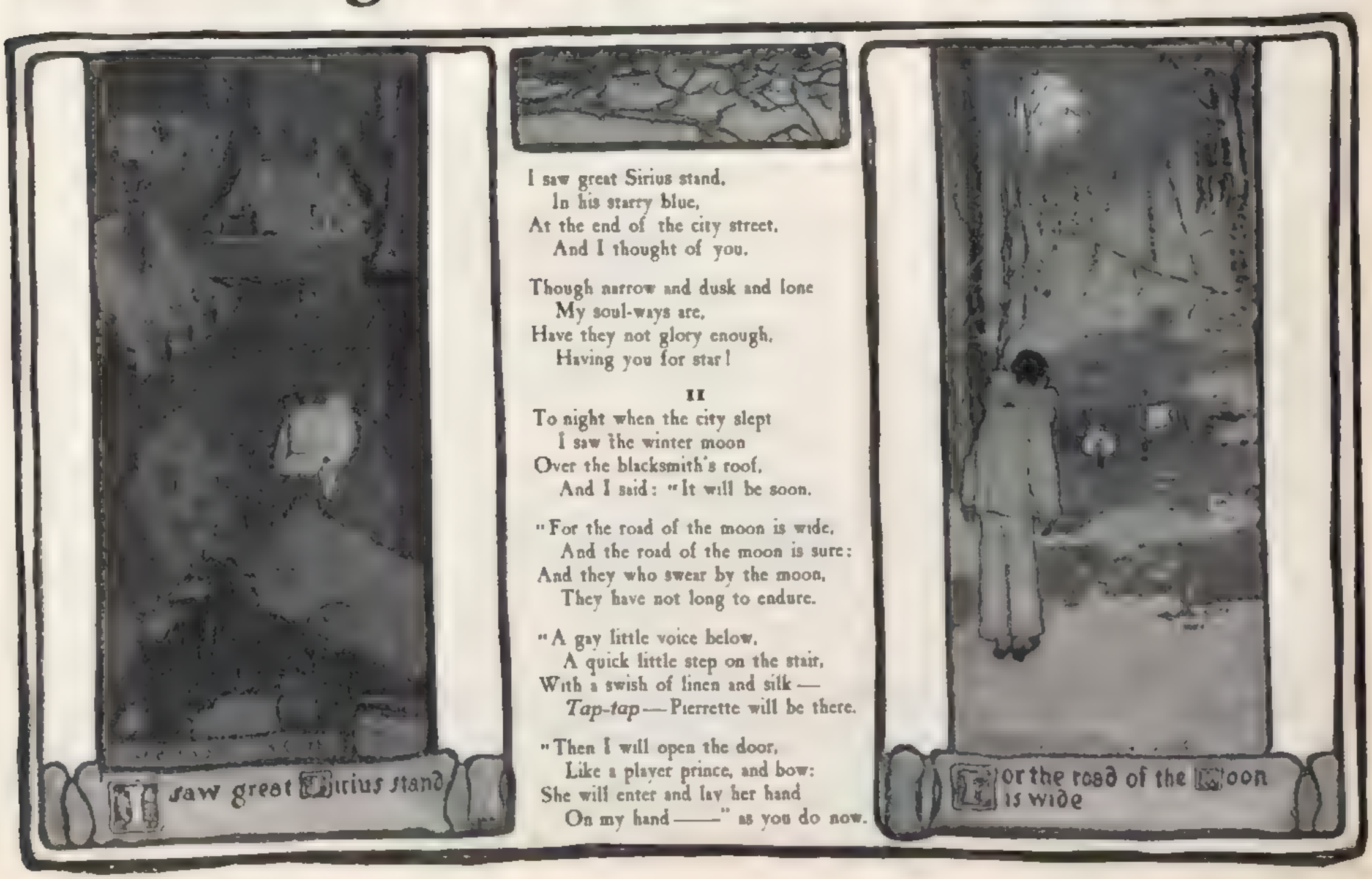
Here are three virgin markets. Why not have them? The writer calls the particular attention of every manufacturer and of every producer of breadstuffs in the United States to these markets. Everybody who gives thought to our industrial situation knows that we are in danger of congestion of products at no distant date. What our producers must look for and what American statesmen must give attention to is an outlet to prevent this congestion. Here are three markets which constitute such outlets. Let us occupy them. But let it remembered that they are not to be occupied by polite notes or banquet speeches. They have got to be occupied by ships and commercial agents and modern methods, and the expenditure of money, and the resourceful vigilance of a firm and comprehensive government.

A Look into Our Commercial Future

President McKinley, in the greatest utterance of his great life, said: "The period of exclusiveness is past." And so it is. Whether we want it that way or not, we are thrust out upon the waters and into the midst of the peoples of the world. Let us address ourselves to the situation and acquit ourselves like Americans. And to acquit ourselves like Americans means to adapt ourselves to growing and changing conditions. American traditions and American characteristics are repeatedly referred to, and it is said that self government, and non interference, and many other catchwords, are *the* American characteristic. But *the* American characteristic is none of these—*the American characteristic is adaptability*. We ought to adapt ourselves—and will—to the world's geography and to our trade as influenced by that.

The dreams of Humboldt, of Seward (one of the greatest statesmen who ever lived), of Lewis Cass, of the whole train of American publicists of comprehensive thought and vision, of all masters of geography, will not much longer remain visions or dreams. They will come to pass. Those dreams and visions were that the Pacific Ocean within the twentieth century is to be the scene of the greatest activity of the world's commerce, and therefore of the transmission of the world's culture. It will come to pass. It is coming to pass now. And when it does come to pass let the flag which dominates all others, and which gives color and glory to that historic panorama, be the Stars and Stripes. Let it be? It will be! It shall be!

Two Songs of Pierrot—By Bliss Carman



I saw great Sirius stand,
In his starry blue,
At the end of the city street,
And I thought of you.

Though narrow and dusk and lone
My soul-ways are,
Have they not glory enough,
Having you for star!

II

To night when the city slept
I saw the winter moon
Over the blacksmith's roof,
And I said: "It will be soon.

"For the road of the moon is wide,
And the road of the moon is sure:
And they who swear by the moon,
They have not long to endure.

"A gay little voice below,
A quick little step on the stair,
With a swish of linen and silk—
Tap-tap—Pierrette will be there.

"Then I will open the door,
Like a player prince, and bow:
She will enter and lay her hand
On my hand——" as you do now.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶ There is a great rush for membership in the new millionaires' club which is being started in London. This is one instance in which even the modest man would like to be in the crowd

¶ A Chicago lawyer recently delivered a 300,000 word speech, and it was not his longest at that. The Windy City is naturally proud of him, but let us hope that there will be no attempt made to match him against Congress in a public debate!

¶ Times have changed. Thomas Jefferson had so much trouble getting a Cabinet that he said he believed he would advertise for applicants. Fancy such a thing to-day! The railroads would be blocked with special trains. But more directly in view is that new $10,000 mission to the Republic of Cuba. Who would not like to have it? And the $5000 consulship is not so bad, either.

¶ Senator Chauncey M. Depew testifies: "Twice through overconfidence in friends and a fatal weakness for indorsements my accumulations have been swept away and a load of debt assumed" And now he never makes notes, even for his speeches, and the only things he indorses are the Republican party and the complimentary editorials. He has bought his experience and he is entitled to his happiness—and there are others like him.

¶ "No Senator in debate shall, directly or indirectly, by any form of words impute to another Senator or to other Senators any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a Senator. No Senator in debate shall refer offensively to any State of the Union." This new Senatorial rule is one result of the McLaurin-Tillman episode in that august body. It is all right, of course, but it is going to hurt the circulation of the Congressional Record in its efforts to compete with the yellow journals.

¶ Rev. Dr. Joseph Twitchell's Italian who had his name changed to Patrick Murphy because he wanted to be a real American is already becoming a factor in American politics. We notice in several of the cities that more Italians are getting into the smaller offices each year. Their numbers are increasing by immigration and by multiplication and the Italiano-Americano, with the dreadful hyphen, is seen in political clubs, social organizations and the like. With the digestion of the wonderful conglomeration of races which the country possesses, and which grows more marked all the time, it would take more than a court of inquiry to find out just what sort of a person the future American will be. However, he will probably still call himself an Anglo-Saxon.

Lessons in Nature-Loving

IT BEHOOVES Nature to watch out. She is going to be studied as never before. The Philistine is upon her, with his Nature book in one hand, an opera glass in the other, and a butterfly net suspended from his belt. Nature must roost high the coming summer if she would escape.

The flood of Nature books began some four or five years ago, but only lately has it reached high-water mark. Beginning with rudimentary volumes like Nature in the Country and A Guide to the Woods, it has now come to such highly specialized works as How to Know the Woodpecker Holes, Nature Down Cellar, Our Common Stumps and How to Identify Them, Half-Hours with Woodchucks, and My Summer with the Dicky Birds. Nature has been discovered. Nature has been caught in the act. Nature is on the bargain counter.

There used to be a girl who was once asked if she loved Nature. "Oh, yes," she replied, clasping her hands—"yes, it adds so!" This young lady is out of date. Nature no longer simply adds; it is what may be called the whole thing. Not to know the jimcrack weed at twenty yards is to argue yourself unknown. If you have read your Nature books in the true spirit the pink-eyed sapsucker will alight on your shoulder and whisper Nature secrets in your ear. Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and write a book about them

Just how much this is going to help the real love of Nature is perhaps a question. A love of Nature seems a gift of the gods, rather than something learned in six easy lessons. The Correspondence School of Nature-Loving, with a diploma at the end of three months, will attract custom if established, and the enterprising man who hangs out a sign of "Love of Nature Taught While You Wait" will do a driving business, but to what extent the graduates will be benefited is for the future to determine.

But, after all, perhaps there is no real harm in this stand-and-deliver study of Nature, and probably the person who reads thirty Nature books in thirty consecutive days is no worse off than if he had stuck to historical novels. Besides, the Nature-study movement enriches the public stock of harmless pleasure; few occasions vouchsafed to common mortals can be more diverting than to overhear a warm discussion between two earnest Nature students as to whether a certain bit of vegetation is a tom-pye weed or a buff gilled mushroom

According to George Eliot the happy woman is she who has no past. Perhaps this accounts for her objection to wearing last year's dresses.

The Demand for Young Blood

TWO very remarkable movements are discernible in the business and the education of the times, and yet, when we come to examine them, we find that the tendencies have been clearly in view for more than a decade. Six years ago the present writer went to the president of one of the large corporations of this country and asked him to give employment to a man who had turned his forty-eighth year. There were personal reasons why he might grant such a request and the person for whom the place was sought was entirely acceptable in character, ability and health. The president replied, "I want to do this, but it is impossible. The age of the young man is crowding upon modern business so fast that he will soon monopolize it. We take no one who has passed forty-five—we cannot afford to do it. But I will tell you what I will do. If this man has a son anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five years old I'll find a position for him at once." So far has this tendency already gone that the problem of getting rid of employees above a certain age is now under discussion, and so great has been the uneasiness that several of the large concerns have issued statements that the old men will not be discharged

At the same time practically all of them are taking on only young men, and the demand has made a profound impression upon the highest colleges and universities of the country. It has been shown that if a student goes through all the courses to the post graduate specializations he is about thirty before he gets into active life—and modern business needs him at least five years before that time. It is not a mere sentiment but a real conviction which contends that the years lost from work between twenty and thirty are in a measure stolen from the lives of the students. This may be an extreme view, but many if not most of our leaders in industry and in the professions believe it is true. That there will come a change—a compromise, perhaps—seems to be one of the certainties of the near future.

Along with the increasing hold of the young men comes the problem of caring for those who have passed into what is sweepingly called old age. It is not fair to set limits on any individual. So long as he is able to do his work and do it acceptably he is entitled to every opportunity and advantage. We do not refer, of course, to the old men of signal ability and success, for the grave is the only stop to their energies and usefulness, and it would be easy to fill many columns with names of those who are past seventy and who are holding their own with the best that the younger generation can show. But there is an army of millions of wrinkled and white-haired veterans who have toiled faithfully and well all their lives, and upon whom others are dependent. Their welfare brings into prominence the system of old-age pensions which has been pursued in Germany more successfully than anywhere else, and which has been introduced by several of the important corporations in the United States. This may be the solution of the other end of the problem, while the young men keep on crowding into the offices and workshops and accomplishing the great things of an advancing civilization by their skill, quickness and enthusiasm

Once upon a time an American brakeman called out a station so that all the passengers in the car understood the name; but nobody really believed him

An Empire Builder's Mistake

THE career of Cecil Rhodes, with its melancholy ending, has a moral that fits other places than South Africa "Don't force the pace." Eight years ago Rhodes was a successful empire builder. He had gigantic schemes that were proceeding prosperously toward realization. It was his ambition to see the map of South Africa covered with British red, with a red strip extending northward to the Mediterranean. He had added to the Empire a region four times as large as France, and had turned the Boer Republics into islands in an unbroken sea of British dominion. The acquisition of these Republics was an absolutely certain event of the near future. In the Orange Free State a steady assimilation of the races was going on. The English language was in common use and the two races were on the friendliest terms

In the Transvaal the Boers were outnumbered two to one by the foreign population, mostly English. Paul Kruger was stubbornly resisting the inevitable, but he was an old man, and it was understood that when he died the progressive element among the Boers would gain control. All that was needed was a little patience.

But Rhodes could not wait for the ripe fruit to fall from the tree. He had to pull it off while it was green. And now he is dead, and the fruit is battered and bruised, but not off yet.

The old story of the wind and the sun is never out of date. The wind tried to blow the man's cloak off and he only wrapped it more tightly about him. The sun came out, and in its warmth the man himself threw off the cloak

Rhodes and Chamberlain and Milner have tried to blow off the cloaks of the Boers, but it looks as if a little genial warmth might be needed yet. This is an age of materialism, but money and force will not accomplish everything even now Sympathy, patience, good fellowship and tact would have achieved all, and more than all, the ambitions of Cecil Rhodes They could have created a South Africa, not only united under a red splotch on the map, but truly united at heart Lacking them, the empire builder, with all his wealth and power, became an empire destroyer.

Habit is the modern slavery, and the will of the individual is the only emancipation

The Gospel of Privacy

ONE reason why no one has written the standard book upon American customs and manners, and a possible explanation why we wait vainly for the Great American Novel, is the fact that American life is in such a constant condition of change. If one were so gifted as to catch an absolutely accurate picture of the nation this year, one would find next year that it was out of date and untrustworthy. This refers not so much to conditions of commercial prosperity or to fluctuations of political feeling as to the small ways of daily life. Never has there been, in the history of the world, a country where individuals and whole communities have been so full of the passion for self-improvement as we are.

Among the ideas which we have half got hold of, and which we are likely to take up with increasing enthusiasm within the next few years, is that of the advantages and delights of privacy. We have been domestic without being especially private. We never make much of a point of pulling the curtains at nightfall across our sitting and dining room windows, and when we first possessed piano lamps with broad umbrella shades we put them at once into the front bay-window so that the passers-by might enjoy them. Formerly we used to crowd into summer hotels, and the nearer our chairs stood to the chairs of our fellow guests the happier we were. If there is a trace of exaggeration in all this the reader will perhaps pardon it, because it heightens a contrast. Nowadays each one of us longs for a small cottage in the country where he may plant his own vine and fig tree. We screen our front porches with flowers and awnings. Soon it may happen that some one will rescue the back yard and make of it a pleasant garden. Slight as the evidences of it are, the change is begun. In America, that is almost the same thing as completed.

The Home College Course

The English Novel in the Nineteenth Century

By Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE beginning of the nineteenth century English fiction was about to enter upon a period of extraordinary expansion, not unlike that which had befallen the drama two hundred years earlier Just as the drama under Elizabeth was looked down upon by scholars as an inferior literary form, so the novel under the Georges was treated with a certain contempt. Not yet had it been made plain that prose-fiction was the heir of the epic; and the poetic drama was then held to be a far nobler form of literary self-expression. Addison prided himself rather upon his tragedy of Cato than on his contributions to the Spectator; and when Smollett and Johnson went up to London they had each of them a tragedy in his pocket by which he hoped to acquire both fame and fortune. Even Fielding had begun as a comic dramatist; and Goldsmith turned to the stage after he had published the Vicar of Wakefield

The English novel of the eighteenth century holds an honorable place in the history of fiction; and there is no denying the importance of Robinson Crusoe, which appeared in 1719, and which is now as young as ever after nearly two hundred years of life. Nor can we gainsay the broad humor of Smollett's rollicking but grimy narratives or the deep insight into the seamy side of life discoverable in Fielding's manly books. But it must be admitted that these novels of Fielding and Smollett are now rather for the literary student than for the general reader. Not only do they represent a rather early stage in the development of fiction, but they had also something of the coldness and the hardness which we are forever finding in the eighteenth century. Even in Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe, which caused torrents of tears to gush forth all over Europe, there is a callousness of touch which is not agreeable to us. And in Sterne, again, a sentimentalist of another kind, we cannot but note a sickliness and almost a sloppiness, which are no longer to our taste. Important as are Fielding and Smollett, Richardson and Sterne, in the history of literature, their novels are no longer very easy reading—nor are they, all things considered, the very best reading for the young folks of the twentieth century.

Two Famous Women Novelists

A little of this same remoteness, as though the characters lived in a far country, strikes us when we take up the novels of Maria Edgeworth and of Jane Austen, delicate and subtle studies of society as it unrolled itself before the eyes of these sharp-sighted maidens. Miss Edgeworth's stories of fashionable life are now out of style; and they are almost as little read as her highly moral tales for the young. But her pictures of Irish character, in Castle Rackrent and in The Absentee, are as fresh and as delightful now as the day they were penned. Here the author was writing out of the fullness of knowledge and out of a wealth of humorous sympathy with her subject. Slight as these two stories are, sketches rather than novels, they have had a surprising influence upon other novelists. One of the motives which led Scott to undertake the Waverley Novels was to treat the Scottish peasant as Miss Edgeworth had treated the Irish peasant One of the models before Thackeray when he was writing that brilliant and powerful biography of a scoundrel, Barry Lyndon, was the transparent method of the gentle Miss Edgeworth. And the Russian novelist, Turgeneff, one of the great masters of modern fiction, avowed that he had taken Miss Edgeworth as his exemplar

Castle Rackrent was printed in 1800, and, although not published until later, Pride and Prejudice had been written even earlier. Miss Austen is one of the novelists highly praised by those who in fiction keenly relish the refinements of delicate portrait-painting. She was depicting life as she knew it intimately, the life of the county families, the country squires, the clergy and the gentry. This life was dull and monotonous in itself; it was wholly devoid of adventure or excitement; it was placid as a mill-pond, for the most part; but it lent itself admirably to the treatment of a social satirist, whose insight into human foibles was unfailing and whose humor was as persuasive as it was unobtrusive.

Miss Austen's art is perfection itself; there is no more accomplished craftsman in fiction than she; but her sphere is limited and her subject matter is very restricted. She dealt with what she had seen, and wisely she refused to deal with anything else; and what she had seen was a tiny corner of English society, peopled by men and women of a singularly narrow outlook on life. Her own vision is clear enough, and her stroke is firm; but in the middle of one of her exquisite narratives an American reader of the twentieth century feels sometimes like getting up and breaking a window to let in a little air. Miniatures we may call her studies of the little world she knew so well; and those will not care for her who do not care for miniatures and who insist on having full-length men and women at work in the open air. Miss Austen's influence upon the fiction of those who have come after her is not so wide as Miss Edgeworth's, but it is perhaps deeper. We can discover it in the Cranford of Mrs. Gaskell and in the Scenes of Clerical Life of George Eliot, in the Barchester Novels of Trollope and in Mr. Howells' studies of American society

The Immense Influence of Scott

But the influence of Miss Austen and the influence of Miss Edgeworth combined are not a tithe of that exerted by Sir Walter Scott. The immense vogue of the novel in the nineteenth century dates from the overwhelming success of the Waverley Novels. The novel forged up alongside the drama, and for a while it bade fair to take the lead. Whether it shall be able ultimately to hold the supremacy or not, it is now recognized as an equal. Under Queen Elizabeth an ardent young man seeking to make his living and to express himself tried to write a play; and under Queen Victoria he rarely thought of the theatre, but sat himself down to make ready a novel. Not only in Great Britain was Scott's influence felt, but here in the United States, by Cooper—in France, by Hugo and Dumas—in Italy, by Manzoni.

And yet the particular form that the novel happened to take in Scott's hands was the accidental result of his own circumstances. As a boy Scott had reveled in romance; he had soaked himself in the legendary lore of his own land; he had sung the old ballads and collected the old superstitions of the countryside. He edited the border ballads, and he wrote ballads of his own; and then he elongated a ballad or else he linked several ballads together—and the result was the Lay of the Last Minstrel and the Lady of the Lake and Marmion. Then, when, as he modestly put it, Byron beat him out of poetry, he gave up verse; and in Waverley he told in prose a story not at all unlike those he had been telling in verse. That was published in 1814; and in the ensuing six years Scott put forth seven more novels, all on Scottish subjects

In these earlier books, in Rob Roy, for example, in the Heart of Midlothian, in the Bride of Lammermoor, Scott was able to combine a flavor of romance and a sense of reality. His humbler Scottish characters he drew with the utmost truth and knowledge; and they are as veritable as Miss Edgeworth's Irish peasants, and far more varied. It has been well said that readers of fiction can be divided into two main classes: into those who care for "the emotions of surprise" and those who care for "the emotions of recognition"—the first group enjoying breathless pursuits and hairbreadth escapes and deadly adventures of every kind, and the second group preferring the quieter revelations of character under the stress of circumstances. It was the singular good fortune of Scott that in these eight earlier Scottish stories of his he was able to please both classes, overjoying those who care for the emotions of surprise with his romantic plots and counterplots, and delighting those who care for the emotions of recognition by his realistic delineation of the humbler Scottish characters

But after writing these eight stories of Scottish life Scott discovered that he had devised a form of novel which could be used for other themes than Scottish; and in 1820 he crossed the border and wrote Ivanhoe, which may be fairly called the first English historical novel. In 1823 he crossed the Channel and published Quentin Durward, perhaps the earliest historical novel of which the scene was laid in what is now France; and in 1825 he crossed the Mediterranean and put forth The Talisman. But in these so-called historical novels there is far more romance than reality; in fact, there is about them all an atmosphere of unreality. Scott lost his hold on the actual when he gave up the Scots character he had known from his youth and reached out for the mediæval character he could only guess at. The appeal that these later stories make is almost altogether to those who seek the emotions of surprise; it is scarcely at all to the more discriminating and therefore more limited circle seeking the emotions of recognition. And this is the reason why Ivanhoe is now considered rather a book for boys than for mature readers; whereas the Bride of Lammermoor and the Heart of Midlothian are as interesting to day to the student of character as they were when they first appeared, more than fourscore years ago.

The form of fiction which Scott had elaborated for dealing with English history Cooper borrowed and applied to American history; and The Spy, published in 1821, is the earliest of American historical novels, as it remains to-day one of the best. But just as Scott had an intimate knowledge of Scottish life and character, so Cooper knew the sea and the backwoods, the sailormen and the frontiersmen. The Leatherstocking Tales form a five-act drama of primitive American life, as civilization pushed itself from the fringe of settlements along the Atlantic coast into the unknown interior. The Pilot was the first sea story ever written; and it has not been surpassed by any of the many sea-tales that have followed in its wake. Cooper was more careful in the structure of his plots than Scott was; but he lacked the humor and the broad vision of humanity which are Scott's most valuable characteristics. Yet Cooper, in Long Tom Coffin, and in Leatherstocking himself, gave us men worthy of comparison with the best in the Waverley Novels; indeed, so acute a critic as Thackeray declared that Natty Bumpo was better "than any of Scott's lot!"

The three British novelists who illuminate the middle of the nineteenth century, as Scott had lighted up the beginning, are Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot. Scott's last novel had been published in 1831, and Dickens' first novel appeared only five years later. This first novel was the record of humorous adventure which is called the Pickwick Papers, and which is certainly the freshest, and probably the best, expression of its author's remarkable force. Dickens was essentially a humorist, fertile in the invention of comic characters, so highly colored as often to seem like caricatures. He had the high spirits and the boisterous gayety which are exactly suited to a rambling narrative, straggling forward as best it can, in happy-go-lucky fashion, with no pretense of a plot. Even in the early Nicholas Nickleby, Dickens is beginning to seek for melodramatic effects; and in many of his later tales he is frankly theatric, striving for violent contrasts, building up tortuous plots and straining himself over strange mysteries. His humor became forced and mechanical, and his pathos was often evoked by stagey devices. Yet his sheer power, his native gift as a humorist and as a storyteller—these qualities remain evident even in his latest extravagances

Thackeray's Novels of Society

The Pickwick Papers began to appear in 1836; and in 1847 Thackeray began to issue Vanity Fair, his earliest long novel and the most popular of his books, as it is perhaps the best. Thackeray had a far subtler and more sympathetic appreciation of character than had Dickens; his pathos is nobler; and his humor, while less bold and exuberant, is also less extravagant. Thackeray's eyes were open and his sight was keen, but it was to "Society," to the charmed inner circle of the well-to-do, that he chiefly directed his gaze. He was manly as Fielding was; and he had a hatred of sham and of hypocrisy akin to Molière's. His sentiment was not allowed to slop over into sentimentality. He was kindly and gentle in his attitude toward his fellow-man; but he strove to hint the truth about human nature, even if he did not always say it aloud. His style has the well-bred ease of the man of the world; it is the style of a gentleman and a scholar, who happens also to be almost a poet. His confidential attitude, his habit of buttonholing his readers and whispering in their ears—this is part of his method of relating his characters to the world they live in. For any one else this method would be out of keeping; but it is an essential element of Thackeray's charm

Charm is often what is lacking in the third of the Victorian novelists—in the woman of genius who called herself "George Eliot," and whose first volume of fiction, Scenes of Clerical Life, was published in 1858, just eleven years after Vanity Fair—as Vanity Fair had come out just eleven years after Pickwick. It is not charm that characterizes George Eliot; it is intellectual power. She was a woman who thought for herself, and who gave to the result of her philosophizing the form of a novel, because the novel was the prevalent literary form of her time—just as she would have given it the form of a play had she lived in Shakespeare's day, when the drama was the prevalent literary form. In other words, she was not a born story teller any more than she was a born dramatist. She chose to tell stories; and she told them by main strength and not by native gift. Intelligence is the basis of her fiction—intelligence and

Editor's Note—This is the third paper in the first of the series of articles which will constitute The Home College Course. There will be three more papers on the English Language and Literature.

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morality She was so intelligent herself that she was able to invent interesting stories, to tell them interestingly, and to people them with interesting characters. She could make her intelligence masquerade as wit and as humor, and she could even force it to disguise itself as pathos also. This is why her books seem often austere and chilly; yet they are sincere and lofty; they are honest efforts to set forth life as she conceived it, without any sophistication of sentimentality and without any pandering to the vulgar desire for mere excitement. It is this honesty, this truth, this elevation of tone, this sincerity of purpose, this broad and tolerant sympathy, which unite to give George Eliot's novels their permanent place in the history of fiction

Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot devoted themselves chiefly to the reproduction in fiction of the manners and customs of their own time, but seduced by the success of Scott they each of them, once at least, left the secure ground of their own experience and ventured upon the doubtful sea of the so-called historical novel. Dickens' Tale of Two Cities is so violently melodramatic as to deserve the reproach of open theatricalism and, moreover, it is disfigured by arrogant sentimentality. Yet it is a bold and highly colored narrative, proving again its author's extraordinary energy. Thackeray's Henry Esmond is far more dexterous; it is the result of a riper knowledge and of a sharper insight into historical conditions and into human motives. It reveals the author's extreme cleverness once more; it shows his ingenuity in devising effective situations and its sympathy in creating interesting characters. But its merits are at bottom the same as those of his modern novels, when he was representing without effort the men and women of his own time, and recording the sayings and doings of Society as he knew it by observation and without study. George Eliot's Romola is a great book in some respects; although its structure is disproportionate, and although it is turgid with ill-digested history. It is great, not because it is a historical novel, but in spite of this fact. It is great because it contains the unforgettable figure of Tito, and because the author makes us perceive the certainty of Tito's moral deliquescence under increasing temptation

The Work of Reade and Trollope

Two other British novelists there are who cannot be omitted in any survey of English fiction in the nineteenth century: Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope. Reade's best known book is Peg Woffington (founded on a play called Masks and Faces, written by Reade in collaboration with Tom Taylor), and has the briskness and vivacity of artificial comedy. It is clever and amusing; but it is frankly unreal. Yet reality, the use of the actual facts of life, was what Reade prided himself upon; and it was what he attained in some measure in his vigorous novel of Hard Cash (published in 1863, and also suggested by a play, the Pauvres de Paris of Brisebarre and Nus). However theatrical Reade might be in the arrangement of his scenes, he had also a certain insight into character—and especially into feminine character of a not unpleasantly feline type. Anthony Trollope was, in fact, the realist that Reade thought himself to be. He dealt with the common stuff of life, with every-day desires and emotions, with the contemporaries whom he judged so calmly and whom he was able to reproduce with so convincing a veracity. Unfortunately for his future fame Trollope has left no masterpiece. The level of his work was so uniform that a selection from his books is almost impossible. What now seems most likely to survive is the series of volumes dealing with the lives of a little group of persons residing in or near Barchester. But to be properly appreciated Trollope must be taken in bulk; no sample can do him full justice

Contemporary with the British novelists were certain American writers of fiction, using the same language and inheriting the same literary traditions. Cooper has already been mentioned. Irving and Poe are not really novelists; they are writers of short stories. The short story is a literary form having little relation to the novel and quite distinct from it in aim and in method. Nowhere has it been more highly cultivated or more successfully than in the United States, since Irving set the example with his exquisite Rip Van Winkle. Poe is one of the great masters of the short story. To him we owe the invention of the detective tale—as we owe the invention of the sea tale to Cooper. In The Murders in the Rue Morgue and in The Gold Bug there is marvelous ingenuity, but it is in less mechanical tales like the Fall of the House of Usher that Poe revealed the higher ranges of his strange and weird imagination

Hawthorne was also a writer of short stories filling them with an ethical suggestiveness wholly foreign to Poe's purpose. But it is rather as a writer of full grown novels that Hawthorne challenges comparison with his British contemporaries. He is perhaps the most accomplished master of form and structure to be found in all the English fiction of the nineteenth century. The Scarlet Letter, for example (published in 1850), has a unity of plot which recalls the severe austerity of the great Greek tragedies. And the American romance has the same inexorable movement and the same ethical loftiness. Hawthorne is one of the few writers of fiction in our language who are always artists in construction, whose works have a beginning, a middle and an end, and whose novels are not disfigured by any excursus, any digression, any redundancy. Scott was a sloven in structure; Dickens followed bad models; Thackeray was careless; but Hawthorne is ever the conscientious artist, planning with unfailing forethought and completing with loving fidelity to his ideal. To find Hawthorne's equal merely as an artist in narrative we should have to go outside of the English language; we have to measure him with Mérimée, with Maupassant, with Turgeneff. But Hawthorne's merits are not external and confined to his craftsmanship, he is a profound student of the riddle of existence. What interested him always, and what he is ever choosing as his theme, is one or another of the darker problems of the human soul

The Popularity of Mrs. Stowe

Another American novelist there is whose fame throughout the world is perhaps wider than that of any one else who used the English language in the nineteenth century. Mrs. Stowe was a voluminous writer, yet it is by the simple story of Uncle Tom's Cabin that she survives. That book bids fair to be one of the universal classics, familiar throughout the world like Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels. Something of its immediate popularity it owed to its theme and to the timeliness of its publication. But it is read to-day as much as ever, and it must owe its permanence to the possession of other qualities than a taking subject, it must owe this to the skill of the narrative itself, to the pathos of the several scenes, to the simple power of the character-drawing, to the sympathy which sustains it

At the end of the nineteenth century the writers of fiction in Great Britain and the United States were many, and more than one of them deserve to be set by the side of those who have been briefly considered in the preceding paragraphs. But they are alive, most of them; and even if they have departed, they are still too close to us for the proper perspective of criticism. It was a shrewd French writer who recently declared that "criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism; it is conversation."

Knitting for the Nerves

A CURIOUS story of the late Robert Louis Stevenson is related by Mr. David Graham Phillips whose new book, Her Serene Highness, is to be published in May.

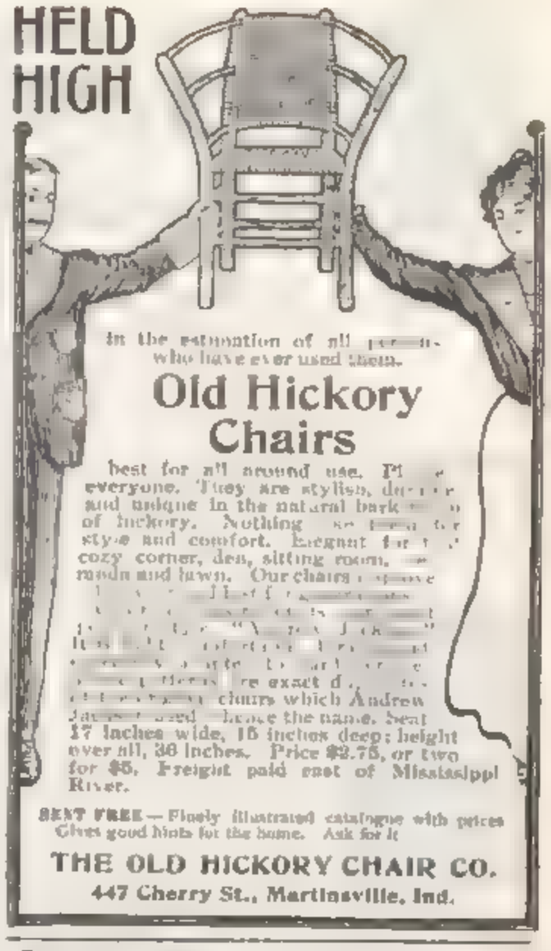
Mr. Phillips tells how Stevenson was found at his hotel, in New York, one day, sitting up in bed, swiftly and assiduously knitting. It was in the days of the great novelist's prosperity and so Stevenson was at a fashionable uptown hotel, and not at the sailors' resort, on the North River, where he went on coming to New York as a steerage passenger, and which he described, in one of his essays, as if it were a typical New York hotel.

Stevenson, at the time of the story told by Mr. Phillips, was in the habit of smoking a great number of cigarettes daily; frequently, indeed, he smoked as many as a hundred; and then would come times when he would try to cut down the amount. It was at one of these times of cutting down that the incident occurred took place.

As his visitor entered the room Stevenson looked up and a bright smile lightened his gaunt face. But he did not cease from his knitting.

"I must do something in between cigarettes, you see," he explained. "It keeps my nerves quiet." And he added, with another smile: "It would surprise you to know how it affects me when I accidentally drop a stitch."

HELD HIGH



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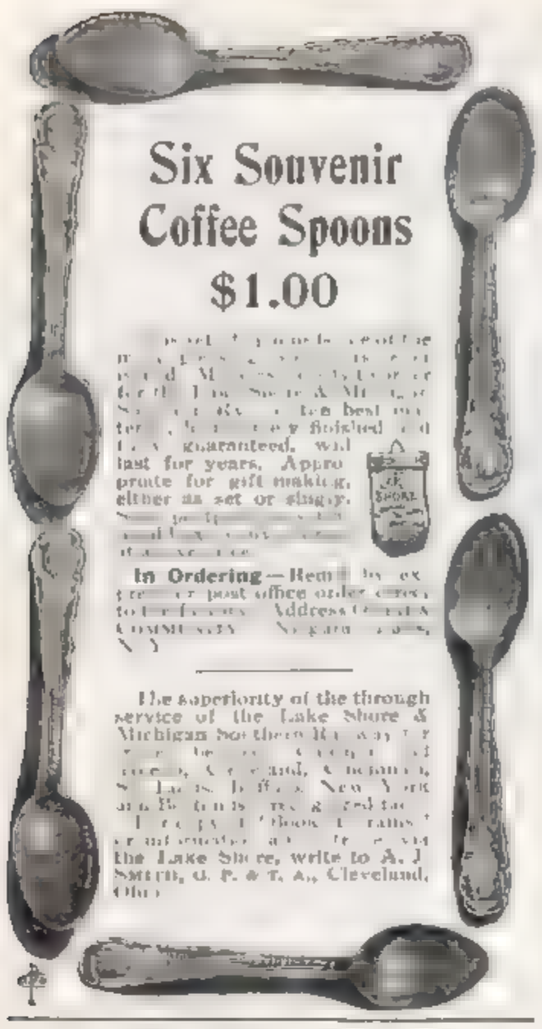

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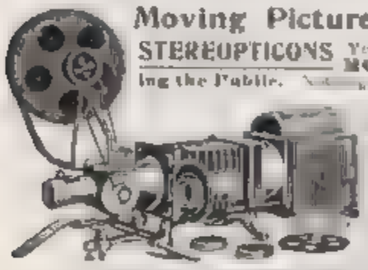

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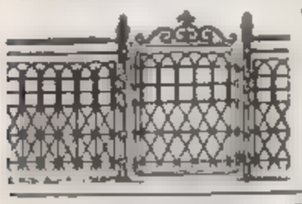

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Men & Women of the Hour

Senator Frye's Big Trout

HON. WM. P. FRYE

SENATOR WILLIAM P. FRYE, author of the Ship Subsidy bill which was passed recently by the Senate, is an ardent lover of the sport of fishing. In the far recesses of the Penobscot woods he built years ago a picturesque hermitage at the head of a chain of mountain lakes, and thither he travels annually and establishes himself, spending his vacation in fishing.

Once, after his return from his summer's outing, he met the celebrated naturalist, Agassiz. Glowingly Senator Frye described his experiences.

"Among my triumphs," said he, "was the capture of a speckled trout that weighed fully eight pounds."

Doctor Agassiz smiled and said: "Reserve that for the credulous and convivial circles of rod and reel celebrants, but spare the feelings of a sober scientist."

"This is not a campaign whopper I am telling; I weighed that trout carefully and it was an eight pounder."

"My dear Mr. Frye," remonstrated Doctor Agassiz, "permit me to inform you that the *salvelinus fontinalis* never attains that extraordinary weight. The creature you caught could not have been a speckled trout. All the authorities on ichthyology would disprove your claim."

"All I can say to that," replied Senator Frye, "is that there are then, bigger fish in Maine than are dreamed of in your noble science." As they parted Mr. Frye added merrily: "If you will establish a summer school somewhere under the shadows of Mount Katahdin, I'll wager that it will not be long before you will have occasion to alter your textbooks."

The next season found the statesman at his usual avocation in the Maine woods. One day he caught a speckled trout that weighed nine pounds. He packed it in ice and sent it to Doctor Agassiz.

A few days later he tramped to the station where he received his mail and telegrams. One of the latter was an epigrammatic message from the great scientist, which Senator Frye cherishes to this day. It read:

The sentence of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact.
AGASSIZ

Barney of the White Horse

Major-General Robert P. Hughes, newly assigned to command the Department of California, had occasion, during his campaign in and around Manila, to purchase a number of Filipino horses. Among the lot was a large animal which was pure white. It would make such a conspicuous target that the General feared that any soldier to whom it might be given would think he had been unfairly dealt with. So, before distributing any of the horses, he said that if there was any man who preferred a white one he would like to have him step forward.

"Instantly an Irishman," said the General, "approached me, saluted, and claimed the horse.

"In several engagements I observed that soldier on his white steed riding for scouts about and doing valiant work. It was a tempting and easy target, but both rider and horse escaped unscathed.

"To my fellow officers I commented on the man's bravery. His utter fearlessness in inviting death was a great stimulus to our soldiers, and one day I sent for him.

"'Barney,' said I, 'I want to compliment you before your officers for the courage you have displayed in riding that conspicuous white horse into battle.'

"'Ah, General,' he replied, bowing profoundly, 'I know me business. These dummed Filipinos niver hit a blissid thing they aim at, and onless your Honor will give me a big liphant painted red I'll stick to me white horse.'"

A Famous Scene-Shifter

Senator Hanna's Washington home adjoins the Lafayette Theatre in that city, and not infrequently while leaving or entering his door the distinguished statesman and maker of Presidents has been mistaken for an actor.

Recently he stood in front of his residence talking with one of his colleagues. A matinée group of young people surveyed the Western Warwick admiringly. The Senator is a much younger-looking man than many of his published pictures represent him to be, and it was evident that he had not been recognized by the merry company discussing him. Finally a young lady and gentleman approached him. "We beg your pardon," said the young man, lifting his hat, "but to settle a little dispute we are having we wish you would kindly tell us whether your specialty is tragedy or comedy."

The Senator was greatly amused. "I should say," he replied, glancing benignantly at his questioners, "that my rôle, both at the present moment and according to former cartoons of the Democratic press, seems to be serio comic."

Then his colleague, who tells the story, remarked, turning to the embarrassed inquisitors: "Permit me, my young friends, to present you to Senator Hanna, one of the greatest scene-shifters America has ever produced."

Malay "as She is Spoke"

That Governor William H. Taft has made a deep study of the needs of the Philippines has been evidenced in his lucid exposition of island affairs before the Senate and House Committees in Washington.

Interesting though those hearings have been they have not brought out all phases of life in the islands. Governor Taft is a firm believer in the gospel of thoroughness, and an incident which recently came to his attention in Manila confirms him in the conviction that especially in new countries is thorough equipment indispensable.

A missionary burning with commendable zeal to introduce monogamous ideals into the Jolo Archipelago started thither from Manila. He located in Parang. With considerable graciousness he began to make friends among the people, and set himself to learning the spoken language, which is an offshoot from the Arabian with a Malayan admixture.

When he had applied himself for nearly two years he felt that he was ready to proclaim a message in their native tongue, and through a Nakip, a local officer, who understood a little English, announcement was made of the meeting to be held. It was well attended. The missionary spoke fervently for nearly an hour in what he believed to be the natives' own patois.

When he had concluded the Nakip approached and thanked him brokenly, but added that it was a waste of time to address his people in English.

"I specially cannot the Jolonans understand when you use such big words in English. I, myself, who am something of a scholar, could not know your meaning," added the Nakip gravely.

Senator Lodge, Historian

HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

UNITED STATES Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, whose leadership in Philippine tariff legislation has drawn special attention to his abilities as a statesman [illegible] was famous as a historian long before he rose to his present high place in the councils of the nation. Apropos of his celebrity as a historian, a fellow Senator tells the following story.

In a speech recently before a Senate Committee Senator Lodge, in support of certain arguments, said that the ablest historians of the country cited abundant precedents for the contemplated step in legislation.

"What historians, for example?" asked a colleague who was on the other side of the question.

"Adams, Ridpath, McMasters, and many others," replied Senator Lodge.

"Who is the greatest American historian?" demanded the opponent.

At this point Senator Frye, who was chairman of the committee, interposed.

"Senator Lodge," said he, "is too modest a man to be compelled to answer that question, and too truthful a man to be called upon to evade it."

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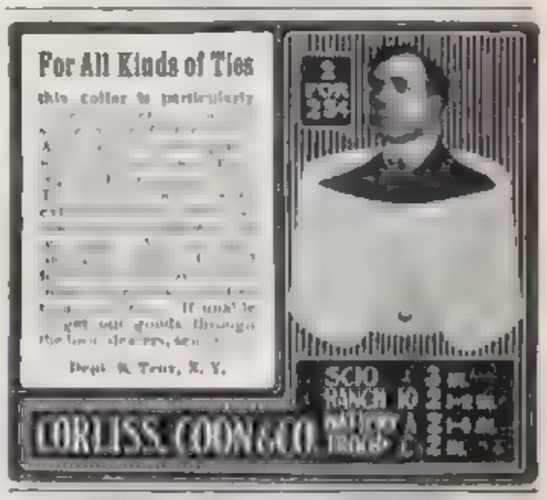

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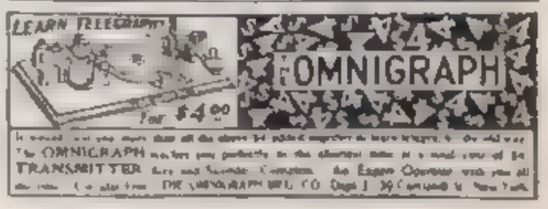

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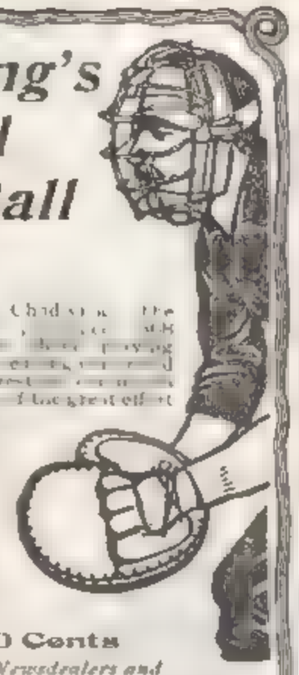

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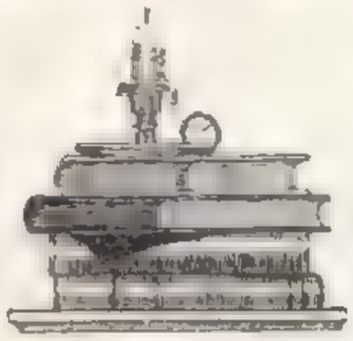

The Conqueror

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON

In the Explanation which serves as a preface to The Conqueror *(The Macmillan Company)*, Mrs. Atherton frankly states that her original design was to write a "flexible biography" of Alexander Hamilton, but that she was beguiled from her purpose by the irresistible temptation to put her material into a novel. She seems wholly unconscious of the fact that what she has written *is* a biography, and a very good one, with none of the attributes of a novel about it. A volume of five hundred and thirty-four closely printed pages would be unreasonable in fiction. It is not too long for carefully written history. A stern adherence to records and documentary evidence is beyond praise in the historian. It is the last thing we demand of the novelist. "I have depicted nothing which in any way interferes with the veracity of history," asserts Mrs. Atherton; and she might add that she has written nothing that in any way suggests the art of the story-teller.

The book opens, after the fashion of biographies—but not of novels—with an account of Hamilton's grandparents—people of some prominence in the Caribbees. We reach the fifty-fifth page before the hero is born, and a hundred pages carry us only to his seventeenth year. No detail is omitted which can throw light upon his character and career. We have even a list of the books he read at college—a list to be recommended both for brevity and excellence. The histories of the Revolutionary War, of the framing of the Constitution of the United States, of the early banking system and its troubles are clearly and conscientiously told—undiluted by a single drop of romance. A few pages devoted to Hamilton's domestic life, a few love passages between him and the beautiful Mrs. Croix, can hardly be said to temper the veraciously historic atmosphere. Even the talk we are permitted to overhear is mainly political and biographic.

"'Travel is not the only cure for provincialism,' said General Schuyler. 'Doctor Franklin, I happen to know, is bent upon a form of government little firmer than the one now existing; and Hamilton, whose travels are limited to campaigning in the different States, has a comprehensive grasp of European political machinery, and the breadth of vision such knowledge involves, which could gain nothing by personal contact.'

This is the way history is written. It is not the conversation of a novel.

In the matter of sympathy and enthusiasm The Conqueror leaves nothing to be desired. Hamilton's brilliant and stormy life, beset by difficulties and dangers, appeals powerfully to the historian. His pathetic death and the horror of his young daughter's madness afford material for a tragedy. Mrs. Atherton has told the story of life and death with unswerving faithfulness. Hers is an admirable book, but it is *not* a novel. —*Agnes Repplier*

A Prophet Without Honor

Mr. Gilbert Parker is fond of telling to his intimate friends how Robert Barr won from him a wager of £5, the turn of the bet hinging on Rudyard Kipling's popularity among the country people of England.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Barr were traveling together and as they approached a small village, about twenty miles from Mr. Kipling's country home, it occurred to the author of The Right of Way that he had recently been told, in London, that Kipling had been compelled

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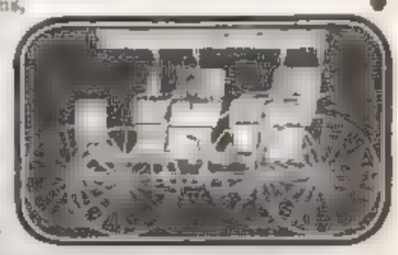

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to retreat to this village in order to insure himself sufficient immunity from interruption to complete certain work upon which he was then engaged.

"I'll wager £5 that there are not three persons in the village who know Kipling as an author," said Mr. Barr.

"Taken!" responded Parker, promptly producing the money. "And I'll tell you who they are: the parson, the innkeeper and the school-teacher."

The entire sojourn in the village was devoted by the two novelists to a thorough search for persons who held the secret of Mr. Kipling's identity. Mr. Parker's hopes were destroyed as soon as they had made the rounds of the parsonage, the inn and the schoolhouse. At last, however, he had the slender satisfaction of finding one old woman who divulged the fact that she had been visited by "a gentleman by the name of Kitling, who wrote something in a book."

Mr. Caffin, the Art Critic

Mr. Charles H. Caffin, the author of one of the new spring books, American Masters of Painting, is the art critic of the New York Sun, and for some years past has been connected with one or another of the publications of the metropolis. He is an Englishman by birth, but it seems natural that he should have been drawn to the city of which Broadway is the principal thoroughfare, for his home in England was at Broadway in Worcestershire, where his father was for twenty-five years rector. F. D. Millet, the artist, had his home at Broadway, and Sargent, Abbey and other artists often visited there, so that Mr. Caffin grew up in an atmosphere of art. He took a degree at Oxford, spent his vacations in rambling through the art galleries of Europe, and then for a time went on the stage. He came to the United States ten years ago.

Painstaking Mrs. Wharton

Delightful, charming, witty and handsome—these four adjectives describe Mrs. Edith Wharton, author of the notable new book, The Valley of Decision. Mrs. Wharton is the wife of a wealthy New York banker, and is one of the leaders in a select society circle.

She shuns publicity, except as to her work, and it was only after long urging that she allowed her photograph to be used by the various periodicals in notices of her books.

Her devotion to her ideal of art is extreme. She makes her first draft of a story rapidly, but rewrites and alters with the most painstaking care. The artistic finish of her final product is the result of the most assiduous polishing.

A striking example of this was shown in the case of her great novel. The Valley of Decision was completed and actually in the hands of her publishers early last fall, but she withdrew it from them so that she might work over the entire story anew. It was several months before the publishers again saw the manuscript.

A Tale of a White Horse

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and several of his classmates at Purdue University recently met at a luncheon, each man at the board being required to narrate the most painful recollection of his college days. Mr. McCutcheon's contribution was the following anecdote.

In the days before a street railway connected the college and the town the author of Graustark brought to a class entertainment a young woman who rejoiced in a crown of luxuriant auburn hair. It was not without inward misgivings that he mentally connected this circumstance with the fact that their buggy was drawn by a white horse, but he hoped that his college mates would be less observant on this score than he himself.

His arrival was apparently unnoticed and he hitched his horse in front of the college grounds and went inside with his companion to enjoy the entertainment. When he came out the animal and the top buggy were both missing. Half an hour's patient search through a neighboring wood was rewarded by the discovery of the horse—but the carriage was not to be found. It was midnight when he reached the main street of the town, the girl with the auburn hair on his arm and the white horse following behind. The welcome he received from his classmates who were waiting on the main street to receive him made the occasion the most memorable and painful incident in his entire college experience, and it was only tempered by the genial and philosophic spirit in which his companion accepted the prank.

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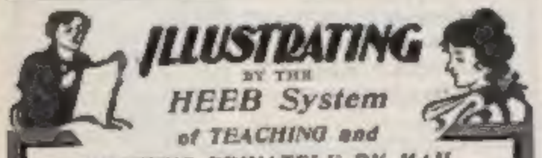

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Men and Measures

(Concluded from Page 5)

requested to negotiate with the great Powers that the sovereignty of the new nation shall be inviolable.

This constitutes a definite and explicit program. It is a policy not merely of negation but of affirmation. Heretofore the attitude of the Opposition has been simply one of criticism. Now it offers a creative scheme. The opponents of the Administration arraigned its policy, attacked its operations, and in general terms pointed to the alternative of Philippine independence under American protection. But this program was vague and indefinite. It fixed neither time nor method, but left everything in the air. The present Democratic measure has the merit of precisely marking out what a Democratic Congress and Administration would do, and it forms the battle-line of the coming Congressional and Presidential elections.

Just now it is the most distinct issue in sight. There will be a great deal of talk about Trusts; the Opposition being irresponsible will be vehement in denunciation; the party in power will condemn them in more guarded terms, and the line of division and proposed action will be cloudy and obscure. If President Roosevelt follows the course indicated when he directed the Attorney-General to proceed legally against the Northern Securities Company, will it not be difficult to find clear ground of difference? There will be an effort also to make a fight over tariff revision. But both parties are rather mixed on this subject, and if the Republicans should take a broad position for practical reciprocity they would leave no well-defined and vital difference to fight over.

It is quite possible that within two years events may take such a course that Cuba will present a very live and uppermost question. No one can tell what will happen. Stranger things have been seen than that the Democratic leaders, while proposing Philippine independence, should come out for Cuban annexation—for the abandonment of the remote territory and the acquisition of the neighboring island. Everything is serene as to Cuba at present, but anything is possible in the developments of the future. It would be a curious turn if the Democrats, following the old Democratic tradition, should be for annexation, and the Republicans, constrained by good faith in their pledge and policy of independence and fair trial, should be against it.

But, considering the nebulous and indecisive character of other questions and barring the possibilities of new surprises, the Philippine problem now comes to the front as the central issue of the two parties. This will very probably precipitate another prolonged debate, and it may materially affect the course of Congressional business. One of the first effects may be that the Isthmian Canal bill will be shoved farther back. The Senate must deal with Cuban reciprocity soon after it leaves the House. As the Cuban government is to be installed in May, this question does not admit of long postponement. Then provision must be made for the Philippine government. Without reference to the matter of permanent policy, it is vital for the welfare and development of the Philippine Islands that the government shall be placed on a more sure footing, and that the lands, timber, mines and general resources shall become available. With both parties looking to the Philippine issue there will be general acquiescence in bringing forward this measure.

Thus the weather thickens for other matters. Congress sometimes takes a fit of work and dispatches business with great celerity. It recently put through the bill wiping out the war tax and several other bills of that type without a word of debate. But measures which meet that fortune are measures on which there are no differences and which excite no contention. The Isthmian Canal is not of that character. Under present conditions, with the variety of view as to the most eligible route, it is morally certain when it comes up to lead to an earnest and animated struggle. With that certainty, there is some danger that it may be staved off until too late to deal with it this session.

That would be a grave public misfortune, and would illustrate the singular perversity that sometimes pursues the plainest course. There is considerable secret and some open hostility to the Isthmian Canal. The Pacific railroads are naturally against it. But the opposition is as nothing compared with the support. Both parties and the whole country are for it. And yet, with this friendliness and advocacy on all sides, the differences and delays play into the hands of the enemies.

To All Who Suffer from Spinal Deformities

85 per cent. cheaper than the old methods. 100 per cent. better. Weighs ounces where others weigh pounds. For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be helped.

We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief of this unsightly condition; permanently relieved Mr. P. H. Sheldon, the inventor, of curvature of the spine of 30 years' standing.

Throw away the cumbersome and expensive plaster-of-paris and sole-leather jackets

Our Appliance is light in weight, durable and conforms to the body so as not to evidence that a support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles. We also make Scientific Appliances for weak back and stooping shoulders. Send for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know from experience of our wonderful appliances. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

STEAMBURG, N. Y.

After having worn the plaster-of-paris jackets, I can truthfully say your appliance is far more comfortable to wear. It corrects curvature quite as well and fits the body so perfectly that no one would suspect I was wearing one. You have my life-long gratitude and well wishes. IDA BLOOD.

The plaster-of-paris jacket above mentioned weighed 4¾ lbs. The Philo Burt Appliance put on in its place weighed 17 ounces—a difference of 115 ounces, or over 7 pounds.

THE PHILO BURT MANUFACTURING CO.
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PINK VIOLET

A floral novelty of decided merit. Will thrive anywhere where ordinary violets will grow—in the house as well.

Flowers are a clear pink and likely to become a "fad" for boutonnières as soon as they can be grown commercially.

We have the only stock for sale in the world.

25c each; $2.00 per 10, by mail

Sturdy plants, sure to grow

Catalogue of everything worth planting in hardy ornamental trees, shrubs and plants, with exact descriptions in every-day English—FREE.

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Would you act as newspaper-correspondent or a special contributor? If so, send to-day for our free booklet, "Writing for Profit." It tells you why many fail, shows you how to succeed and how to develop your talent, and starts you right.

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No money required.

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"How well she uses the English language."
"He writes a lovely letter."

Such expressions one hears every day. You can have the same said of yourself. We have practical books on English which are the product of enriched and mellow minds. Send two-cent stamp for catalog.

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STAMMERING CURED The only institution of its kind in the United States where the Stammerer is received, cured and boarded and is asked to pay nothing unless satisfied with his cure.

All other speech defects cured. Prospectus Free.

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Brighton, Ill.

Vacation Spending Money

About 3500 Boys

Are earning money in leisure hours each week through an offer made by

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We want to double the number, and therefore make this offer:

To any boy answering this notice we will send **10 copies** of next week's issue of THE POST, **without any charge,** for him to sell at **5c** each. With the **50c** thus earned he can start in business. After that each week's supply will be furnished at the special wholesale price.

In addition to the profit on the copies sold,

$225 00
IN CASH

Will be divided among those boys who, during the next month, sell five copies or more each week.

If you would like to try the work

Write to the Circulation Bureau and the first week's supply will be sent, together with all necessary instructions and a little booklet in which some of our most successful boys tell how they work.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Baker-Vawter Systems help large and small

COMMONWEALTH TRUST COMPANY, Saint Louis, January 15th, 1902.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois.

GENTLEMEN: Soon after the organization of this Company, and prior to opening for business, we called upon you to assist us in devising a system of accounting for all departments to be maintained, namely: Commercial Banking, Savings Accounts, Trust Department, Real Estate and Real Estate Loan Departments. We feel it not only our pleasure, but our duty, to certify that the system devised has proven more than satisfactory. It is simple, concise and expansive. As the demands of our business have grown, the work is done with the same ease as it was in the beginning. When I think of the amount of labor and trouble usually consumed in experiments when organizing the office of a large corporation, I feel a sense of satisfaction that we were relieved from so much unnecessary work through your intelligent effort and the devices furnished. You are at liberty to use this letter.

Yours very truly,
LAWRENCE B. PIERCE, Vice-President.

A retail drug store was recently re-organized by Baker-Vawter methods, and its owner is enthusiastic. The systems we put in operation are especially designed for each individual case. Hence it is necessary for us to know your requirements before we can make intelligent suggestions. So we have prepared symptom blanks which you may have FREE for the asking. To insure reply state nature of your business and your firm name in full.

Baker-Vawter Company
141 Washington Street, Chicago

Accountants, Auditors,
Devisers of Business Systems,
Manufacturers.

Originators of the Loose Leaf Ledger and many other time-saving office devices.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

The correct thing for gentlemen who shave.

The acme of luxury, convenience and refinement.

Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

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Loose Leaf Ledger

THE Loose Leaf System in Bookkeeping is not only far superior to all other systems but is 50 per cent. cheaper.

Once opened the Ledger requires no further extra labor on the part of the bookkeeper. Dispensing with the annual or biannual opening of new Ledgers, it is positively perpetual.

The **"Areandbe"** Loose Leaf Ledger is far in advance of all others, being absolutely the only flat opening Loose Leaf Ledger made—a result possible only by the **Backus Bond-Hinge all-paper sheet.**

Send for Catalogue C, mailed free, and gives particulars you want.

The Richmond & Backus Co.
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Study French at Home Easy, rapid and thorough course.
For particulars and circular address
Correspondence School of French, 198 West 59th St., New York

Conjuror's House

(*Continued from Page 4*)

"The consequences will be unpleasant if you do not."

"And quite beatific if I do, of course," rejoined the stranger with a slight sarcasm.

"You have been warned. You surely cannot expect to go without some penalty."

"Yes, I have been warned. I have gone into the affair with my eyes open. Now that I am here I can take my medicine. If it amuses you to experiment on my stupidity, or my grit, or my lack of perseverance, or whatever supposed weakness of mine is in your mind, by asking empty promises, by all means do so."

The Factor pondered these last words.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"My meaning is not obscure, I should think. I am a Free Trader, and I am caught in these — sacred — precincts of Rupert's Land. I know what always happens to Free Traders in Rupert's Land, that's all."

For the first time Galen Albret shot a strong glance of inquiry from under his bushy brows. After an instant, however, his interrogation took another direction.

"You have been singularly persistent. You have been warned twice. Why have you not heeded?"

"Because," he answered rapidly in emphatic tones, his wonderful speaking voice dropping to the full power of the lower register, "because I am free-born and this country is free. Your Company has no more right to the forests than I have, and you have no more right to order me out of them than I would have to order you out. You don't seem to realize that your charter of monopoly has expired. But your policy in such cases as my own is well known to me."

"My policy?" repeated Galen Albret, lifting his head at last. The spectators breathed freely, stirred in sympathy, and settled to deeper attention.

"Certainly," reiterated the stranger; "you need not mince matters. I shall set out on the journey with no illusions."

"What do you mean?" asked the Factor.

"It amuses you to feign the ignorant," replied the young man with a slight sneer.

"The ignorant of what? Explain yourself!" insisted Galen Albret.

The stranger smiled a little under his sun-bleached mustache, shifted his position easily, and replied, in the silkiest of tones:

"I suppose you never heard of *La Longue Traverse?*"

Two of the men leaped to their feet; the others thrust back their chairs strongly, and sat, their arms rigidly braced against the table's edge, staring wide-eyed at the speaker. The latter broke into a laugh.

"These seem to know," he suggested with contempt.

Galen Albret had almost immediately dropped back into his passive calm. When he spoke again it was in the tentative manner of his earlier interrogatory, committing himself not at all, seeking to plumb his opponent's knowledge.

"I have heard of it," he admitted simply. Then after a moment: "Tell me what you know of it."

"Oh, what everybody knows," replied the young man carelessly. "The affair is not so secret as you may imagine. You will send me away without arms, and with but a handful of provisions. If the wilderness and starvation fail, your Indians will not. I shall never reach the Temiscamingues alive."

"You believe that wild story? There are a hundred such in every Indian camp."

"Jo Bagneau, Morris Proctor, John May, William Jarvis," checked off the young man on his fingers.

"I really believe," commented the Factor slowly, "that you are the most credulous man in the North. The cases you instance were of personal enmity—harsh punishment—but a policy! No! It is a lie, a legend, a myth, a tissue of falsehood, an old wives' tale to frighten babies."

He looked up to meet the young man's steady, skeptical smile.

"Remarkable sensation among our friends here for so idle a tale," said the stranger. "What do you intend to do with me, then?"

"Will you promise to get out of this country and stay out?"

"No."

"Then a means will be found to make you!" cried the Factor, his anger blazing out.

"Ah!" smiled the stranger significantly.

Galen Albret raised his hand and let it fall. The gaudily bedecked men filed out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Witt K. Cochrane, for years the advertising director of the Hub, Chicago, and recognized as the leader in his line in America, has resigned to become President and General Manager of this College, and will hereafter give it his entire personal attention. He will be assisted by Hugh W. Montgomery, publisher Chicago Tribune; John Lee Mahin, President of the Mahin Advertising Company; Louis Leubrie, Advertising Manager for Siegel, Cooper & Co., and a score of others equally as prominent.

Get Away from Clerical Drudgery!

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The
"Fay-Sholes" Typewriter

MAKES CLEAN SWEEP
at the American Telegraphers' Tournament at Atlanta, March 1, 1902.

Harry V. Emanuel, winner Message Class Championship.
F. M. McClintic won Carnegie and Atlanta Journal Gold Medals.
W. C. Murray won second place, code class.
All these winners used "Fay-Sholes" Typewriters, against 38 competitors using the other standard machines.

McGurrin Booklet on Speed Writing free to stenographers mentioning number and kind of machines used by their employers. Agents wanted.

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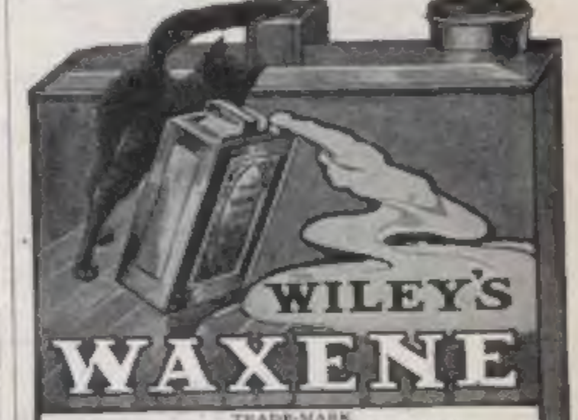
CHAS. B. PRICE, Sec'y and Treas.



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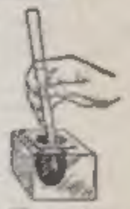
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Sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price in cash, postal note or stamps. We make these hats in two grades: 50 cents and $1.00. We guarantee satisfaction or hat can be returned and money refunded. Our reference is the First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. Try one: we know it will suit you. In ordering give head size, color and number desired.

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POSITIONS Good positions are always open to competent stenographers. Our correspondence course will give you a thorough shorthand education. Don't waste your spare time. Improve your opportunities. Send for our free catalogue and one lesson.
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I AM TEACHING intelligent men, brain workers, the ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect health. It is not a problematical theory, but a system of physiological exercise based upon absolutely correct scientific facts. And if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I will promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic. I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common-sense, rational and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

Mr. J. Logan Jones, Vice-President and Secretary of Jones Dry Goods Company, of Kansas City, Mo., after years of gradual but certain decline physically and mentally, had a complete collapse. It was impossible for him to sleep without medicine, and he went without natural sleep for the period of about ten months. He tried the best physicians to be had, traveled almost constantly, being unable to remain long in one place; took hunting trips in Colorado and a sea-coast trip to Northern Maine, with no appreciable results. The following is an extract from a recent letter to me: "A little over ten months ago I took my first exercise from you, and under the circumstances consider the transformation a positive miracle. Will say that I am getting to be quite a giant. I weigh more than I have ever weighed in my life, and my muscular development is something wonderful. I sleep soundly, my digestion is good, cathartics no longer necessary, and do more work than I ever did in my life and enjoy it all the time." What could be more convincing, and do you wonder that he is enthusiastic? I could name hundreds of others who have received similar results, but it would not make the system any better.

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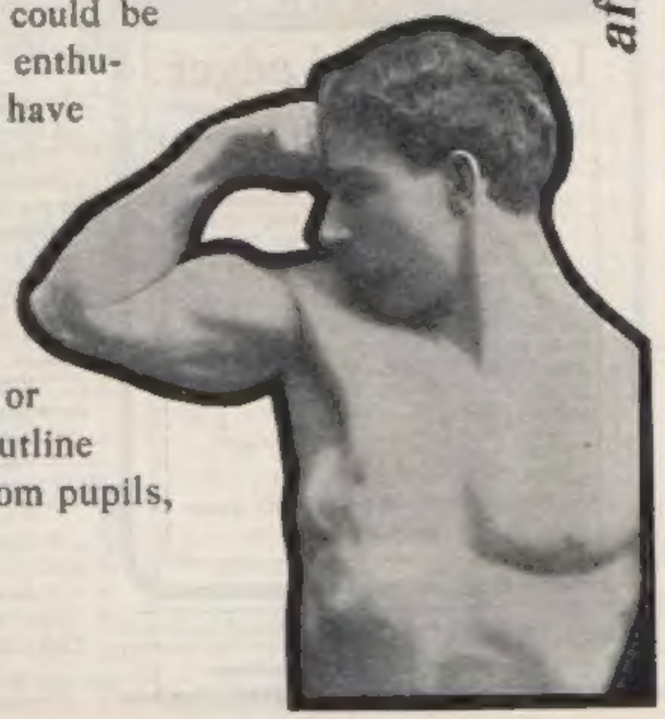
Since no one neglects Physiological Exercise without paying the way for future trouble, you cannot afford to put this off any longer.